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IN announcing his decision to go to France in order to attend certain preliminary sessions of the delegates to the Peace Conference, the President has acted as usual courageously and firmly. If in his opinion he can do anything by going abroad to promote a settlement of the war along the lines roughly sketched in his fourteen points, he is clearly entitled to sacrifice a great deal in order to go. That many sacrifices in the way of the prompt and orderly dispatch of public business will have to be made, that even certain undesirable risks will have to be incurred is sufficiently plain, but surely the game is worth the candle. The writing of a satisfactory treaty of peace is the most important business which has confronted the statesmen of the world for a century. The nation, of whom President Wilson is the executive chief, is peculiarly interested in converting the Peace Conference into a kind of constituent assembly of a new society of nations. President Wilson is himself the most influential and sincerest living advocate of this ambitious project. By going to Paris even for a few weeks before the formal conference actually begins he can do much to get the conference started along desirable lines. If he can succeed in obtaining the cooperation of the other Powers in organizing a genuine League of Nations, this start in the right direction will act as a corrective of possible future mistakes and as a test of future decisions. He has the best of reasons for going even for a short time, and he should go sustained by the sympathy and understanding of his fellow countrymen.

APPARENTLY the Peace Conference is to sit either at Paris or at Versailles. There are sound reasons for preferring Paris or Versailles to the Hague or Berne, but from one point of view there is cause for regret that the conference could not assemble in Washington. It was the decision of this country to enter the war which enabled France and Great Britain to win their victory. That decision violated one of the oldest of American national traditions—the tradition which has in the past kept the United States from participating in European political controversies. The tradition is rooted deep in the instinctive provinciality and in the separatist interests of the inhabitants of a new world. It will be certain to revive just as soon as the feeling aroused by the war subsides. In fact there are indications that already it is reviving. It will not be easy to make the American people understand the obligations which they have assumed by entering as they did into the world war. Yet it is above all necessary that they should understand. Much the most dramatic and effective way of arousing them to their new obligations and helping them to understand their new relation to foreign political problems would have been to hold the conference in Washington and to call the settlement the Peace of Washington. The time may come when European statesmen will regret their neglect of this opportunity of attaching the American people more firmly to the existing but experimental European allegiance. European statesmen still need the help of the new world in order to restore the balance in the old. They have every reason to assist the

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American people thoroughly to learn how much depends upon the leveling of the former political barriers between the two worlds. The one perfect way of doing so would have been to requite America for sending an army to wage war in France by sending their statesmen to transact peace in America.

WHAT monstrous iniquity can be wrought under the cloak of an approved cause is instanced by the plight of the Jews in Rumania and Poland. According to a cablegram made public by Julian W. Mack the Rumanian Ministry of Education is circulating among the peasants a paper recommending cruel measures to force the Jews to emigrate. A boycott of Jews is preached by the political leader Mille, and posters have been set up inciting the populace to slaughter the Jews. All this in the name of nationalism; Rumania wishes to rid itself of "aliens." But the underlying motive is obvious enough to anyone who knows anything about Rumanian social and economic conditions. A revolution is brewing against the most iniquitous system of economic oppression in Europe, and the Jews, as the most intelligent and restless of the disinherited, are likely to have a finger in it. Set the populace against them, then, and divert the thunderbolt. At Warsaw under the regime now superseded by the democratic movement the Jews were threatened with pogroms. The Chief Commander of the Polish forces, General Vitaldorski, in a proclamation of October 8th, denounced the Jews as leaders of Bolshevism and demanded as hostages all the leaders of the Jewish community, to be shot at the first outbreak of Bolshevist activity. The charge of Bolshevism is an effective weapon of reaction the world over. But it is a weapon that may prove fatal to those who wield it without scruple.

PILSUDSKI, at last freed from his German prison, has returned in honor to Poland and has been entrusted by the Regency with the control of the Polish army and the formation of a national government. By virtue of this authority Pilsudski has nominated the Socialist leader Paszynski as Premier, and has charged him with the responsibility of forming a cabinet. Thus the democratic forces of Poland have won an initial victory over the aristocratic forces, represented abroad by the Paris Committee and in America by the Paderewsky faction. The Polish army has occupied Posen, and therewith closed the history of Polish partition. It will be over a united Poland that the new government will hold sway. Doubtless there are difficult times ahead for the democratic Polish regime. The constituent assembly is yet to be chosen, and until it has met and established a permanent government we cannot know whether the ancient disruptive tendencies in Polish life will reassert themselves. The aristocratic faction abroad, which aspired to recognition as the de facto government of Poland is for the present ominously silent. We shall probably hear more of them before the new state of Poland wins an undisputed place in the councils of the nations.

IT is a matter of some small encouragement that the progressive Republican Senators propose to fight the selection of Senator Penrose as the Chairman of the Finance Committee. If they had failed to fight, progressive Republicanism would have become not merely a joke but a scandal. Think for a moment what such a selection would mean? The Senate Finance Committee exercises a more effective control over financial legislation than any other part of the American government. We are approaching a task of reconstruction brought about by the greatest economic convulsion of history, in the legislation of which a new system of taxation will play a decisive part. Of all the politicians in the country Senator Penrose is least fitted by his antecedents, his opinions and his character to determine or to influence in any way the nature of the new legislation. He is not only totally unaware that any changes have taken place in the economy of the world which require the application of a new spirit and method to social and industrial facts, but he is bound body and soul to all that is most obsolete, corrupt and loathsome in the America of the past. To place him at the head of the Finance Committee would be analogous to placing a Grand Duke at the head of a Russian national conciliation commission. It would be a challenge and an insult not only to any progressives who remain in the Republican party, but to all Americans who have any hopes and aspirations for the future of their country.

UNDER the Pomerene amendment to the revenue bill the principle of taxation is applied scientifically to the regulation of child labor. A tax of ten per cent is levied upon net profits of establishments where children are employed under the conditions that were treated as substandard in the act of 1916, unfortunately annulled by the Supreme Court. Subject to the tax, are the profits of concerns employing children under sixteen in mines and quarries; children under fourteen in factories and workshops; and children under sixteen working in factories and workshops more than eight hours a day and six days a week, or before six in the morning or after seven at night. There can be no two enlightened opinions as to the desirability

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of enforcing these standards throughout the nation. In passing the law of 1916 Congress gave proof of its recognition of the necessity of such legislation. The will of Congress and of the people was defeated by judicial decree; that is the only reason why we are mercilessly exploiting the labor of children today. But it is safe to affirm that under the form assumed in the Pomerene amendment, the principle of federal regulation of child labor can survive the courts. There are no other limitations than uniformity upon the taxing power. The power to tax includes the power to destroy. The Pomerene amendment will stand both the social-economic and the constitutional tests. We trust that Congress will not permit it to be dropped in the course of the revenue bill toward enactment.

SEAMEN'S wages and conditions of employment present a problem pressing urgently for solution. We are already possessed of a large sea-going tonnage, and within a relatively short period we may not be far from first place as a nation of ship-owners. Are we going to content ourselves with the mere status of ownership, or do we desire to make of our merchant marine a truly American enterprise, with the personnel American as well as the flag and the ownership? If we desire American officers and American crews—and without them an American merchant marine is a sham—we shall see to it that the standards of life on the seas are as attractive as those current in industries on the land. This is the purpose of the Seaman's act. Every reasonable man will admit that the principle of the act is a good one; if there is any valid objection to the act, it is on the ground that standards of life at sea are inherently an international matter, and therefore not easily regulated by one nation alone. This objection Mr. Hurley proposes to remove by international agreement which will raise the standards of all the chief merchant marines to a level tolerable to American labor.

THE fear prevalent a week ago in more or less enlightened circles that Germany would quickly succumb to Bolshevism was apparently an illusion. The fact seems to be that the German revolution is proceeding in a reasonably orderly fashion. Of course we do not know what will happen when the soldiers are disbanded. They may infuse a new element of disorder into the body of the revolution, just as the sailors of the Russian fleet and the soldiers returned from the front played into the hands of the Russian extremists. But let us not forget that the conditions that have prevailed in the German army are quite unlike those that made the Russian army hospitable to extreme ideas. The German soldiers have been well fed, well clad, provided with effective weapons and adequate munitions. They have not had the grievances of neglect and betrayal that poisoned the soul of the Russian common soldiers. A great part of them were before the war members of the Socialist parties now in control of the government and they are likely to resume their relations with those parties. Accordingly the chances are at least even that the return of the German armies will make for order, rather than disorder, provided that there is no serious breakdown in the services of food supply.

THE Czecho-Slovak state, setting out upon its historical course under the presidency of Masaryk, is another republic that exhibits the instincts of moral greatness. What Professor Masaryk is the world knows. He has fought a life long fight for the liberty of his people. He has been bitterly maligned and cruelly persecuted. He has seen the choicest spirits of his people proscribed; he has felt in his soul the whole measure of the oppression resting upon the masses of his countrymen, whom he loves with a singular intensity of devotion. If any living man has old scores to settle, that man is Masaryk. If a spirit of revenge were justified anywhere, it would be justified in Masaryk. But in his clear spirit there is not a trace of hatred or of revenge, but a single desire to let the dead bury the dead and to let the living work together in building a future of justice and humanity. Czecho-Slovakia must be full of leaders whose vision is clouded by the sense of ancient and grievous wrongs. By what obscure process does the mantle of leadership pass over such men of hot passion and descend upon a figure of classical serenity and wisdom like Masaryk? The stars in their courses are manifestly fighting for Czecho-Slovakia. Long life to Masaryk, and eternal life to the republic!

BEYOND all republics in history, the American republic has been fortunate in having at its head in times of crisis great, serious men, with sympathies comprehensive enough to include all mankind, with vision clear enough to sweep even the remote past and the distant future. Athens in her hour of supreme trial was so ill-fated as to have for spokesman and leader the vile demagogue Kleon, scheming to consolidate his own ignoble political fortunes by whipping up the Athenian people to an atrocious fury of revenge upon civil populations fallen to Athenian mercies by the fortunes of war. The Roman republic, rising to immortal greatness, had her honor stained and her future compromised by the savage blood lust of Marius

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and Sulla. We Americans read the spirit of revolutionary America in the words and acts of George Washington. Only the curious student of history knows that the revolutionary states were teeming with ignoble passions demanding the proscription of those who remained in their old loyalty and failed to espouse the new order's superior claim. Only the curious student of history knows that a clamor of revenge and inhumanity all but drowned the clear, wise, humane voice of Lincoln at the close of the Civil War. A hundred years from now the young American citizen will study the policy and read the utterances of President Wilson, and his heart will glow with the feeling that in her third time of trial America again gave proof not only of material greatness but of moral grandeur. He will not know that an obscene clamor arose in these great days, demanding that the helpless civil population of a vanquished state be left to perish in famine and anarchy.

IN thinking of an International Parliament, we like to think of the "pairs" it may produce. "I rise to announce that Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of the United States and Herr Karl Liebknecht of Germany are paired for the day." A marvelously safe pair! On woman-suffrage or any other feminist fangle, Liebknecht would have voted "yes" and Lodge "no." On discriminatory tariffs Liebknecht would have voted "no" and Lodge "yes." On armaments, on subsidies, on almost everything, they would be deadly foes; and they would probably spend their time in a near-by restaurant congratulating themselves on their "pair" and chatting about the Thirty Years' War. They might be as bitter toward each other as Hiram Johnson and Philander C. Knox, those irreconcilable Progressive and Reactionary leaders, who are observed in Washington sedulously seeking each other's society and are reputed to love to exchange the amiable remark "Thank God we are both Republicans, and my vote exactly cancels yours." Liebknecht, released from his imprisonment for treason, would cure Lodge of thinking that all Germans are as patriotic as a nation of Lodges would be. And Hiram Johnson, within one day of his arrival in the International Parliament's cloak-room, would certainly cure Count von Westarp of his life-long conviction that all Americans love railway presidents. What is an ambassador? He is an abstraction who pretends to figure forth a whole nation in his single self. And surely it should be thoroughly understood at the peace conference that the League of Nations will never be a genuine reality until it consists not of abstractions but of human beings who have intellectual and spiritual enemies at home and intellectual and spiritual friends abroad in a network of identical conflicts which, when they are once recognized to be identical, make the world a unit.

Exit Royalty

DEMOCRATS in this and other countries have reason to exult at the passing of William Hohenzollern and his heirs. Their retirement to private life ought to mean the final eclipse of all human government which derives any part of its authority and prestige from the cultivation of artificial distinctions among the different citizens of a state. Hereafter, it may be hoped, peoples who seek to be democratic will not flinch from being republican. Democracy, if it is to thrive, must be thoroughgoing. It must contemptuously scrap the obsolete social mythology which attaches social honor and political leadership to one man other than to another merely because he was born of a certain family or for any reason apart from his actual service to the community. Kings have survived in some cases because they were considered harmless, in other cases because they were considered useful. But they are never harmless, and they cannot pretend to be useful without succeeding in being dangerous.

Before the war the prestige of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the superficial success of its political leadership in Germany constituted an apparently impregnable bulwark of monarchism. In July, 1914, the apologists for the Hohenzollerns could plausibly characterize it as the most successful incarnation of royalty in history and as the living refutation of democracy. The admiration which the Kaiser aroused in the minds of Nicholas Murray Butler and many of the American exchange professors in Berlin may have been excessive, but for those to whom "die Welt-Geshichte ist das Welt-Gericht," it did look as if there was something providential about his former triumphs and those of his forbears. The career of the Hohenzollerns carved in high relief a stupendous and a disconcerting justification by works for a peculiarly pretentious and offensive autocracy. The most powerful and in some respects the most progressive state in Europe was born and raised under the masterful guidance of one royal family. To an extent never equalled by any other dynasty, it sought to confirm its leadership by pressing into its service the brains, the administrative ability and the public spirit of the German nation. It organized Germany into a political body whose publicists considered its combination of feudalism, nationalism and modern scientific method as its unique

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merit. They attributed its success, in part at least, to its defiance of democracy, to its deliberate exploitation of autocratic leadership.

Yet the democratic sceptics who asserted that the imposing structure was built on rotten foundations are justified by the event. Modern Germany was, it is true, forged under the leadership of the Hohenzollern family, and there was much to be proud of in the achievement. But if, as their apologists insisted, they were essentially responsible for the considerable success of modern Germany, they must accept an even more complete responsibility for the ultimate and awful collapse of the audacious structure. The monarchy risked the power and the popular confidence in its guidance which it had won by its success on a desperate and unscrupulous gamble for still more power, the possession of which would be clearly injurious to all mankind except itself and the rest of the ruling class. Obsessed by their own florid pretensions and by the apparent invincibility of their onward march, the Hohenzollerns, almost in spite of themselves, succumbed to a mania for supremacy which was bound to bring Germany into a collision with the free nations of the world. Instead of avoiding enemies and subordinating military aggression to a realistic political policy, as it did under Bismarck, German autocracy almost conspired to create enemies. It seemed to act under some morbid compulsion which forced it to stake its own prestige and the happiness and credit of the German people on the hope of conquering a precarious extension of power. The German rulers were drunk with the liquor of power politics and their methodical madness brought immeasurable suffering and disaster upon their people and the other peoples of the world.

Thus the Hohenzollern dynasty earned its own downfall more completely than it earned its previous eminence. It does not perish, as did the Bourbon monarchy, because of the sheer ineptitude of Bourbonism. It perishes because it took autocracy too seriously and so revealed the ultimate incompatibility between the autocratic and the national state. That is why its downfall brings with it the downfall of monarchism. Louis Capet failed because he was a weak and second-rate man who could not even pretend to act a king. But his failure did not imply the eclipse of royalty. On the contrary, he bequeathed to Europe the principle of legitimacy around which for several generations the anti-democrats rallied. William Hohenzollern failed in a wholly different way. He pretended to be every inch a king, and by the absurdity combined with the menace of his pretensions he gave away the whole fantastic and sinister performance. Hereafter the world will not get along without pretenders, but, let us hope, it will shut up in lunatic asylums those pretenders who honestly pretend to be kings.

Yet while democrats may exult at the passing of royalty, they have as much cause for apprehension as exultation. The outcome of this war is less the triumph of democracy than the downfall of autocracy. Monarchy has richly earned its defeat, but how far has democracy earned its victory? The free nations have, of course, vindicated their freedom by undergoing the most terrific sufferings and sacrifices and by refusing to yield or flinch even when successful resistance seemed almost impossible. But in any success achieved by war a victory of democratic nations is only to a limited extent a victory of democracy. Democratic nations have to compromise some of the most precious ingredients of their democracy in order to win such a prolonged and exhausting war. After the war is over they can recover only painfully and by a great conscious effort the democratic method of patient experiment and the conciliatory and humane democratic state of mind. The free nations are now celebrating the defeat of their enemy, but it is only the frivolous who celebrate with lightness of heart. There is no peace in the world today, and there is as yet no victory for democracy. The defeat of autocracy has been purchased by a destruction of the material foundation and fabric of social life which has dislocated insubordinate and incalculable political and economic forces. It has been purchased by an organization of power which has filled some of the victors with a lust of possession and an intolerance of opposition analogous to that which has existed in Germany. These results of the war will subject democracy to a more exacting strain than has the war itself. Its proselytes still need to achieve a greater victory by means of a more colossal effort.

The greater victory must spring from the determination of democrats to take democracy more seriously. During the nineteenth century they did not take it seriously enough. The militant explosion of democracy which occurred during the first half of the century was succeeded by a period of national expansion during which democrats allowed the ideals of democracy to become tarnished and meagre. As the nations grew, they did, indeed, bow to democracy and offered certain concessions to popular aspirations, such as an increasingly broad basis of popular representation and increased freedom of political and economic association, but the concessions were all dictated, not by a living faith in democratic ideals, but by a desire to safeguard the large infusion of autocratic political and industrial traditions which remained embedded in the structure of all modern states, no

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matter whether or not they called themselves republican. Political leaders did not divine that democracy in ceasing to be a revolutionary had not become a conservative principle. Once the democratic leaven was introduced into a modern society it must spread, take possession of all its activities and become its binding principle, or else suffer defeat and ultimate extinction at the hands of some new and more aggressive form of autocracy. Because democrats did not insist upon keeping the democratic ferment sufficiently active, that formidable conspiracy against democracy, the former Prussian state, grew almost with the rapidity and the maleficence of a cancer and finally had to be extirpated by the most costly surgical operation of history. Equally because of the past ineptitude and want of faith on the part of democrats in democratic ideals, Bolshevism now threatens the orderly social progress with a new form of autocracy. Prussianism could never have so successfully pretended to be an agent of national moral unity, if democrats had not flinched from continuing to insist on the democratic leaven as the only salutary and sufficient bond of a modern state. Bolshevism will never have a chance of substituting a proletarian international dictatorship for democratic nationalism, provided democrats recover or conquer a sufficient faith in democracy. Such a recovery or conquest will be the indispensable condition of the greater affirmative democratic victory of the future.

The immediately formidable obstacle to this victory is the gross remnant of royalty which still remains woven into the intellectual and legal fabric of democratic states. They are getting rid of sovereigns, but they cling loyally to the legal doctrine of sovereignty born of monarchical rule. Democracy itself is too often a pretender pretending to be a king. It has claimed for the sovereign people all the moral and legal prerogatives of royalty, and, until it abandons this claim and accepts an humbler and more serviceable role, its ultimate victory will remain doubtful. Democracy cannot afford to imitate monarchy in conceiving itself to be at bottom a principle of political authority possessed of a license from the Lord to consider unquestioning obedience to its mandates as the source of national unity and the test of national loyalty. In its most fundamental aspect it is rather an ideal of human liberation and growth, of which majority rule, representative government and the like are only a few of the many important agents. The democratic state is obliged to exercise authority and frequently to compel obedience as a matter of practical convenience, but whenever it lives by coercion it lives dangerously and falsely. The political and social objects, on behalf of which it has invoked compulsion, are because of that fact exposed to suspicion. Democracy in its political aspect is bound in honor to seek the justification of any exercise of authority which may be necessary to bring about collective action for common purposes chiefly by the cooperation and consent of the affected human beings. Only in this way can it give moral validity to the great organ of political power which a modern state necessarily becomes. Democrats, consequently, will not win a final victory over royalty until they treat the principle of sovereignty much as they are now treating sovereigns. The perpetuation of sovereignty means the perpetuation of power politics. It means international anarchy and the increasing national conscription of mind and body. It means ultimately the extinction of democracy.

Reparation: Not Indemnities

WE can not too often remind ourselves that the whole temper and purpose of American and Allied belligerency was diametrically opposed to that of the Central Powers. They sought to subject other peoples to their domination. We stood for the principle that all the peoples should be free. They intended to make war pay for itself by levying indemnities that would wipe out their whole war debt and thus at the same time cripple their enemies through a generation and clean off their own slate for future war making. Our intention, on the other hand, was to pay for our own war making. We do not want crippled or tributary nations anywhere in the world; we are not preparing for future wars, but mean to put an end to wars; and, most of all, we want to end the vile practice of charging the whole cost of war upon the vanquished, a practice that breeds war, since it promises immunity from financial burdens to the successful combatant, and every nation that undertakes a war expects to succeed.

The indemnity is Germany's ideal, not ours. Or rather, it was the ideal of old Germany, now swept off the stage of history as unfit to live among the nations on account of the indemnity and similar practices. But we are going to demand reparation—quite a different thing. Reparation not for war, for we have made war ourselves and not always without taint of aggression, but reparation for the things that we would not do in war, and that no nation cherishing its honor would do. Launching invasion through neutral soil; wantonly destroying civil property and enslaving civil populations; thrusting aside the poor safeguards thrown by the conventional laws of war around life and property at sea; these are acts of a nature

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apart deserving special penalties. Reparation for such acts differs radically from the indemnity exacted by right of conquest. It is not only compatible with the new order of international affairs: it is essential to the stability of that order.

But reparation is to be interpreted strictly if it is not to serve as a cover for the principle of indemnities that has wrought so much mischief in the past and is quite capable of beclouding the future. This danger is made vivid by a calculation of possible French money claims published by Le Matin. By this calculation Germany owes France alone $68,000,000,000. That is easily three-quarters of the whole public and private wealth of Germany. The other quarter would obviously fall far short of satisfying the claims of England and Belgium, reckoned on the same basis. Add the claims of Poland, Russia, Italy, Serbia and America, and the whole net income of the German people, above a minimum of subsistence, would not suffice to pay interest on the debt. Germany would become an international peon, and doubtless we should have to keep an armed cordon all around her frontiers to prevent the escape of any of her population, our international property.

It is improbable that Le Matin meant to do more than indicate the magnitude of the bill Germany would have to meet if the Allies were to guide their policy by the same infamous rules as Germany proclaimed in the worst days of her pride. But the calculation gives pertinence to the inquiry: What in detail are the items for which Germany may be expected to make reparation, consistently with the principles proclaimed by America and the Allies?

On one point there can be no question, and that is the necessity of full reparation to Belgium. Germany admitted at the outset that she had no cause of war against Belgium, and that the Belgians had an equitable claim to damages for injuries incidental to the employment of Belgium as a thoroughfare in the invasion of France. Resistance to such use of her soil was a duty of Belgium under the treaty of neutralization and therefore could not vacate her claim to compensation. For all property carried away or destroyed, public or private; for the use of such property through the period of the war; for all contributions levied by the German military regime in Belgium; for all forced labor inflicted upon the Belgians and injuries to workers under forced labor, Germany owes Belgium reparation. That is not the full measure of Belgium's losses by war. The nation has had an army to maintain, at heavy costs met chiefly by foreign loans. But reimbursement for such outlays falls under the head of indemnities, and must be excluded unless the Allies mean to repudiate the policy of no indemnities and to make of Germany a peon nation.

Property destruction in France falls under two heads. Part of the property was unavoidably destroyed in the course of military operations, either by Germany's armies or by those of France and her allies. Another part was wantonly destroyed or carried away. There was no military necessity in the wrecking of the coal mines of the Lens district. The mischief appears to have been done after the Germans knew that the game was up and that peace would come before the product of those mines could serve the purposes of Germany's enemies. There was no military object in carrying away the textile machinery of Lille. For all such wanton injury and plunder Germany clearly ought to pay. She ought to be made to disgorge all contributions levied upon occupied French territory and to make reparation to French civilians for forced labor and injuries attendant upon forced labor.

As for property destroyed as a necessary incident of military operations the case is not so clear. In an ordinary war, where one party is as aggressive as the other, and where at one point the one party, at another point the other party crosses the boundary, such destruction is not a good grievance. But it is a notorious fact that in the traditional German theory of war making, a point is made of the necessity of carrying the war at once into the heart of the enemy's territory, so that whatever property is destroyed may be enemy property. That is plainly a most dangerous doctrine. It leads to a precipitate opening of hostilities before the resources of diplomacy are exhausted. It multiplies wars. Therefore it ought to be penalized, heavily. To penalize it, we must admit, is to introduce a new principle into international relations. It is a principle that would hardly be sanctioned by a neutral international tribunal engaged in an attempt to differentiate between reparation and indemnities. If America and the Allies rest their case, however, on the ground that the nations must discourage the practice of carrying the war into enemy soil expressly to insure that incidental destruction shall fall on enemy property, they may be justified in setting a precedent. Let the Germans pay for all civil property destroyed on French soil, whether by German or by Allied military operations, that in future the defensive may be a more attractive position to nations about to engage in war.

For civil property destroyed in unfortified towns by shelling from the land or the sea, or from air raids, there is an equitable claim against Germany for damages, except in so far as such destruction

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may have been compensated for by reprisals. For property destroyed at sea, neutral or belligerent, except under the accepted rules of international law, the claim for reparation is equally valid. There are no doubt cases in which the principle of reparation may be extended beyond the points here indicated without going over into the form of indemnities. But we have already a considerable sum that Germany will have to pay. It is a safe guess that the total will rise above ten billions of dollars.

Ten billions; that is much too little, we hear it murmured. That will not cripple Germany. That will not make whole the wrong Germany has done. It is nothing short of sentimental generosity toward Germany, men are insinuating. Think what indemnities Germany would have levied if she had won. Yes, but we are not Germans, but honest men, who have proclaimed to the world that our principles are of a loftier character. We are not above appreciating the comedy of the would-be robber robbed, but the mixture of justice and cupidity it contains strikes us as too Oriental for our honor. But above all, we are more concerned in protecting civilization against future wars and civil disorders than in exploiting to the utmost our present position of power. Ninety millions of international peons in Central Europe would represent a charge of high explosives quite sufficient to rock the planet and shake to pieces whatever civilization adheres to it. Allied statecraft is surely not so short-sighted as to lay such a mine as this, in the fond hope that it never will go off. No indemnities is not a counsel of mercy to Germany. It is a counsel of safety to the world.

The British General Election

THE long-heralded British general election has at last been announced; and it is upon the emotional issue of success in the war that Mr. Lloyd George is to make his appeal to the country. There has probably never been a moment in English politics when the situation has been so tangled and confused. The erstwhile leader of English radicalism is asking for the return to power of a coalition predominantly conservative in character; and the latter party has already decided to support him at the polls. Meanwhile official liberalism not merely stands aloof, but, if rumor may be trusted, has actually refused a position in which agreement with its former champion could be reached. Labor has already nominated some three hundred candidates; and many more are expected in the next few weeks. It seems undoubted by everyone that Ireland will be overwhelmingly Sinn Fein; and this must mean that the Home Rule issue will be discussed in a Parliament in which the main body of Irish representatives refuses to take its seats. No one is able even to guess how the new and vast electorate will vote. The mind of the army and navy is a factor upon which even the quidnuncs refuse to prophesy.

Some measure of Mr. Lloyd George's intentions may be obtained from the speech he recently addressed to his liberal supporters in Parliament. He was eager for a just peace, and, in deference to President Wilson, he would not go so far as the Paris resolutions. He did not announce his alternative, but from recent reports of the British Ministry of Reconstruction we may imagine that to be some system of imperial preference. In that event it is tolerably certain that he will encounter deadly opposition from Lancashire and the industrial north; perhaps also from Scotland. It is probable, on the other hand, that the offer will prove tempting to the agricultural south and to London with its seventy members. How it will affect the Midlands it is impossible to foretell.

Mr. Lloyd George's domestic programme in no wise savors of boldness or of novelty. It seems, indeed, more like an offer of concessions than an attempt, as is the case with the Labor party, courageously to face the fact that we have already passed to a new era. Housing plans, shorter hours, the development of internal transportation and a minimum wage, do not seem to possess any real attraction for, say, the five million trade unionists who have just accepted the Labor party's programme of reconstruction. Upon the problems of democracy in industry, upon the kind of taxation that is necessary to pay for the war, on the development of higher, and particularly adult, education, Mr. Lloyd George refuses to raise any hopes. He announces that more careful attention will be given to the health of the people; but this may mean anything from a Ministry of Health to a revision of the widely-hated insurance act. He insists that he will revise the antiquated land system; but it is at least difficult to believe that, supported as he is by a party which specifically rejected Mr. Lloyd George's own moderate proposals of 1913, he will be able to effect more than a mitigation of the more obvious evils.

The strength of Mr. Lloyd George's position lies rather in the weakness of his opponents than in his own powers. The official liberals, indeed, reject imperial preference and demand full Home Rule for Ireland; but, the minimum wage apart, they have not a single contribution to make to the new problems of industry. It is here, of course, that labor is strong; but the reconstituted party is too new to have developed the funds or the machinery

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to cope with so sudden a contest. It is, moreover, probable that many seats will be lost to the conservatives through three-cornered contests. Liberalism and labor have lost their common ground simply because, as it appears, Mr. Asquith has been largely unresponsive to the demands of a new time. It is impossible to doubt that the new House of Commons will see a larger Labor party than any previous Parliament; but the process of education has not, as yet, gone deep enough for any large conquests to be possible.

The personal position of Mr. Lloyd George it is almost exasperatingly difficult to analyze. Unquestionably he has a large general popularity, which will be increased by the events of the last fortnight. Unquestionably, also, he is the most skilful political psychologist among British statesmen today. But he has no definite party of his own; and, unless he becomes completely merged into the Tory ranks, the development of any decisive issue will cost him his hold on that party. Its influence upon him has already become apparent in his fiscal policy, his attitude to Ireland and Russia, and his attempts at agricultural reconstruction. Nor is this all. He lacks that vital electoral requisite, the reputation of a "safe" man. He has not won the confidence of the British people. They distrust his connection with men like Lord Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook. They are suspicious of his relations with the press. They do not like the way he intrigued his way to office. They resent his treatment of Mr. Henderson. The army was outraged by his dismissal of Robertson and the navy was outraged by his dismissal of Jellicoe. Everywhere among Labor there is a deep distrust of his government. There is an irritable sense that he is the organizer of a vast bureaucracy which offers material comfort in exchange for liberty. He is distrusted on the Clyde; the great munitions factories of the Midlands are passionately opposed to him; and even in his own stronghold of South Wales the charm he exerted over the industrial population seems to have declined. His administrative experiment is admittedly a failure. His contempt for the House of Commons has, even amongst that respectable middle class which distrusts all politics, aroused deep anger. Yet, with all this, it is certain that no other British statesman has, at the moment, as large a following.

Mr. Lloyd George has admitted that what he fears in England is less Bolshevism than reaction; and it is this which makes it so difficult to understand the meaning of his present alliance. Men like Lord Curzon and Lord Milner do not, in the light of their reputation, seem exactly the types to induct Great Britain into an era of healing liberalism. The great business interests, the old landowners, a handful of retired colonels and navy men, the oldest sort of antiquated trade unionists, are not the material with which to fashion from the period of reconstruction anything like the civilization that is in the mind's eye of British Labor. A critical analysis would suggest that Mr. Lloyd George's victory will, in reality, be a victory of Tories whom the war has made into fierce nationalists and liberals whom the war has made into Tories. They will use Mr. Lloyd George until they are firmly seated in the saddle of power; but as soon as he shows signs of a return to his former radicalism he will find himself driven from office to a lonely isolation.

America must inevitably be deeply interested in the result of this contest. It is not merely that the burden of peace is bound, in the nature of things, to rest more upon the Anglo-Saxon peoples than upon any other part of civilization. It is not merely that England seems, at the moment, the one European country which may evolve ways and means of avoiding the class struggle which is tearing the Continent in pieces. The deepest importance of this situation lies in the fact that the age in which the classic system of parliamentary government was adequate has now drawn to its close. The centre of political life has shifted to the single problem of making peaceful and advantageous the transition to a state in which labor will be the predominating element. No one who has eyes to see can doubt that this is the fundamental objective of the British Labor party. No one, either, can doubt that reply of some kind must be made to its demands. Mr. Lloyd George has explained that he does not fear Bolshevism so far as England in concerned; but he has expressed grave fears of the advent of a period of reaction. It is difficult to see how he can avoid its advent by leading a party wedded to a social and economic structure it is the business of English labor to overthrow. At the moment it is probable that Mr. Lloyd George is the one available Prime Minister in England. That only makes it the more tragic that his talents should be devoted to a cause that is doomed, at least ultimately, to defeat.

Tax Revision Downward

THE war is over; therefore war taxes must come to an end, sooner or later. That is elementary. But should we be in haste to reduce taxes just now, as Secretary McAdoo recommends? This is a question that involves reconsideration of the principles that underlay our war finance. Exactly why did we limit our taxation receipts to about one-third of our expenditures? And ought

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we to observe the same proportions now, as Secretary McAdoo is evidently trying to do?

When we entered the war it was understood by all loyal Americans that whatever we had—our lives, our possessions, our income and our services—were at the command of our government for the purpose of winning the war. Therefore we rejected the principle of voluntary enlistment and instituted conscription. To be strictly logical, we recognized, we should have rejected the principle of voluntary enlistment of income, under the form of bond subscriptions, in favor of the principle of conscription of income under the form of taxes. We took for our armies the young men who could be spared, and placed on the deferred lists those whose services were vital to our war industries or to the necessary support of our civil population. In the same way we should have taken for the purposes of war income above the minimum of subsistence. That meant that conscription of income was bound to fall most heavily upon wealth. And there was a fair measure of justice in the inevitable class discrimination. Most of the men in our armies have come out of the working class. Most of the loss of income incidental to military service has been borne by that class. The workers enlisted for the war will suffer especially under the difficulties of recovering a place in industry. Therefore it was eminently fair that the money cost of war making should be borne especially by the monied class.

But practical considerations of financial administration stood in the way of levying so huge a sum as twenty-four billions in taxes. The twenty-four billions had in fact to come out of the national income, as there is no other resource for war but current production. By the device of bond issues, however, many sources of surplus income that our imperfect machinery of taxation could not reach could be drawn upon. Besides, there is a comfortable illusion about bonds. They give an impression that the burden of war finance is lighter; and in time of war it may pay to mobilize even illusions. At all events there is no harm in the practice, and no substantial injustice, provided the bonds are treated as a deferred obligation upon the classes that would have had to pay the taxes, if we had relied exclusively upon taxation.

The whole democratic justification of bond issues rested then upon the principle that the bonds would be paid off through taxes of the same character as could be levied in war. Incomes, war profits, excess profits, luxuries and semi-luxuries were the sources we should have had to draw upon. They are the sources on which we ought to continue to draw, until the war debt is paid off. But now Mr. McAdoo appears with a proposal that we reduce the taxes on some of these objects, in order apparently to get back to the proportion of taxes to bonds of one in three. What is the mystic value of the proportion, except that there's luck in odd numbers?

Not only does Mr. McAdoo propose to reduce the estimated tax aggregate; he selects as the most appropriate objects for reduction war profits and excess profits, which he would drop entirely after collecting the taxes for 1918. It may be that we are to enter upon a period of depression, in which case 1919 would show few war profits and excess profits to tax. But it may equally well be that we are going to enter upon a boom period, in which case peace profiteering may be as rampant and repulsive as the profiteering of war time. What is the good of increasing our chances of industrial unrest by such a precipitate abandonment of our only possible method of controlling profiteering? For let us bear in mind, upon the signing of the peace all our methods of controlling profits through control of prices must go by the board. They rest on the war powers that lapse.

And out of the confusion of premature schemes of tax revision there is emerging a determination on the part of the reaction to roll the financial burden off the wealthier classes and to saddle it upon the masses through indirect taxation: protective duties. Why does Mr. McAdoo thus give aid and comfort to the enemy? Does he not realize that so long as the capital of the debt is colossal and the interest payments a heavy drain upon the revenue, every political advantage lies on the side of the party of protection, with its promise of laying the whole burden upon the foreigner who sends goods across our tariff wall? A public debt is a perennial political menace. Let us keep up our taxes and get rid of it, at the earliest date possible.

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The Core of the Trouble

An Englishman to Americans

THE League of Nations is an attempt at the common weal of all mankind. What must go, and what must be altered if the League of Nations and the common weal of mankind is to be made a working reality in the world? What, in the most general terms, is this League of Nations proposal up against?

I suppose a lot of people would think that the answer in the most general terms was that the League of Nations was up against human nature. It is. So is the policeman, so is the schoolmaster, so is the doctor, so are all law, all discipline, and all creative effort. But as that is the case, we must dismiss that answer as too wide, and try again. A number of people will be disposed to say, what one prominent American has already said, that it is up against " this king business."

There is something in that, but it doesn't cover the ground. Like an increasing number of English people nowadays I am a republican, and it is with real reluctance that I refrain from making a score against crowned heads, but the facts against me are too heavy. One of the most cruel and destructive conflicts in history, which made a desert of North Africa and left civilization standing on one leg instead of two, was the conflict between the republics of Rome and Carthage. The history of the Greek republics was by no means bloodless, and the most bitter war of my own time, I suppose, has been that between Peru and Chile. We have, therefore, to rule the mere presence or absence of a king out of this present account.

Another wrong answer to this question is that the League of Nations is up against national feeling and national pride. People tell us that the rule of the League of Nations will be resented everywhere as the rule of foreigners, and that that alone is sufficient to damn the whole proposal. One living instance will suffice to destroy a foolish generalization, and there is at the present time one living instance of nationality, intensely proud of itself, almost vain of itself, with a distinctive language, a distinctive art and literature, a growing tradition of itself, which is yet able to live and participate in perfect harmony in a political league in which it is disarmed and in which its international relations are merged in a larger welfare, and that is the Welsh. The Welsh instance is as good an instance as one wants of the entire compatibility between intense nationality and a larger peace. And if you want more cases of nations willing and eager for the league and yet keenly patriotic, ask the Norwegians, the Dutch, or the Swiss. So far from nationality being antagonistic to the League of Nations, honest national feeling is bound to welcome the League of Nations as a security for its own life. Of course when you come to sham nationalism, to that sort of " British " nationalism that is subsidized by rich Tories, international financiers, and Ulster lawyers who are neither good Irish nor good English, where patriotism is really " Britain for the British exploiter," then you are up against something different. But I am speaking of honorable and decent national feeling.

We have put kings on trial and nationalism on trial, and acquitted them of being the real antagonists of the League of Nations. Let me tell you now what I think is the real thing we are up against. We are up against an idea which saturates our histories, saturates the minds of statesmen, saturates the press, saturates European thought and the thought of many spirited states outside Europe, and that is what I will call the Great Power idea in human affairs. This Great Power idea, and the organs and methods that embody it, is the real enemy. It is an idea very congenial to human nature, as we find human nature in courts and chancelleries, in Foreign Offices and War Offices and Admiralties, in the studies of historians and wherever men scheme and plan. It is an idea so congenial to human nature that it has cropped up again and again in the affairs of mankind, but so far as European history is concerned it has a very consecutive and traceable history. But congenial though it is to human nature, it is an idea that has worked and is working enormous evil, and it is an idea that has to be exorcised from the world of men, if mankind is not to go down in bloodshed and disorder to ruin.

What is the essential idea of the Great Power theory? It is that one's own state is forever in conflict and competition with other states, trying to best them and gain advantage over them, trying if possible to overcome and consume them, and making no alliances except alliances of defense and attack against rival states. This idea rose to prominence in Europe towards the close of the Middle Ages, and you can find it expressed quintessentially in the two great works of Machiavelli, in his Prince and in his Art of War, which latter book closed the era of the feudal levy and inaugurated the era of the trained standing army. The history of Europe from his time onward goes more

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and more to the Machiavellian tune, with variations when an Emperor, or a States-General, or a Lord Protector takes the place of the typical Prince. The history of Europe centres about great princes like Henry VIII, Louis XIV and XV, Frederick the Great and Catherine the Great, and about their ministers, the Wolseys, the Burleighs, the Richelieus, the Bismarcks, and so on. Every state is conceived of as a Power, either already a great Power or as a little sly, watchful state, waiting for its chance to become a Great Power. All the proceedings of a state under this obsession are shaped by something called a Policy, which is no less and no more than a scheme to grab some coveted advantage, to sow dissensions between dangerous rivals, to undermine some powerful antagonist. The Great Power theory absolutely ignores and repudiates the idea of a common welfare for mankind. From such ideas your states broke away, but these are the ideas that have shaped this Europe to which you have come, and which dominate it to this day and this hour. This Great Power idea is only a little more active in Berlin and Sofia than it is in—any of the Allied capitals. Europe is all built on these ideas. Every Foreign Office in Europe and every diplomatic service has been organized in the past primarily and completely to serve the "Policy" of a Great Power. Every War Office and every Admiralty has been planned to carry out the Great Power dream. If it serves any other end, any wider end, it does so against its own nature. Most Europeans understand that if it is put before them, but do you understand it? Because if you do not, you may be inclined to think us difficult and perplexing people in the present juncture of affairs. You have in America a tradition of great openness and simplicity in your foreign relations. We here have nothing of the sort. You have at the head of your affairs a man of great genius, who is dealing with this matter of the approaching peace, upon lines that he is, so to speak, inventing as he goes along. He is able, and your states are able, to take up this task of making a world peace and establishing a human commonweal, simply and directly. You can make such instruments as you need, you can create your committees and organizations to fit this occasion. But our hands are cumbered very seriously with these antiquated ideas and institutions of a dissolving condition of affairs. Our hands and our minds. We need to state our will as plainly and openly as you do, and we have for our instrument a Foreign Office which is by its nature and by its original purpose, a secretive, scheming, advantage-snatching instrument, sly, deep, silent and deceptive; so it has been for centuries. We have to turn it on to this absolutely new and different task of dealing fairly, generously and constructively with the other great nations of the world.

It is very like having suddenly to shake hands with someone when you are hiding a knife up the sleeve of one hand and concealing a bludgeon behind your back with the other. All Europe is in this fix. All the nations of Europe are coming to this business of rebuilding civilization without the proper tools, with wrong tools, and with no time now to make the proper tools. *You* have a President who can speak plainly to the peoples of the earth. The bare thought of speaking plainly to the peoples of the earth is enough to produce an epidemic of epilepsy in the European Foreign Offices. Your President goes by choice and necessity into the market place of the world and talks. A European Foreign Office goes by habit and instinct round to the back stairs. When the back stairs break down, as they did in Russia, a Foreign Office is left at a loss. We foozle about amidst the ruins of Russia looking for the remains of back stairs or something colorably like back stairs.

And meanwhile anyone is free over here to work up any sort of old misunderstanding with the Russian people. We have no means whatever, no organ and no idea for getting any common ideas going between the Russian people and ourselves. Over here we have had a public clamor for a year and a half, asking our government to speak out for us, as your President speaks out for you, to all the world upon the aims and ends of this war. But—who is to do it? Mr. Balfour? Mr. Lloyd George? Lord Milner? The King? The Poet Laureate, or the Times? Who? Yours is a Republic with a free and responsible spokesman at its head. Ours is what is called nowadays a Crowned Republic—and it was invented before the day of spokesmen. Its head is a ceremonial head—whose court mourns officially and publicly for the Tsar, and who is by his nature and office unaware of any Russian people, any Russian thought, or any Russian sensibilities.

We have, as you know, tried to create certain organizations called Propaganda Ministries, War Aims Committes, and the like. There has been a recognition, at any rate, that something new is needed, and fresh methods have to be tried. But if the European Foreign Offices are unequal to the new job before them, they are by no means unanimous in recognizing their limitations. I am pointing out to you the imperfections of an organization and not attacking persons. In the Foreign Offices of every Allied state today there are men fully alive to the extraordinary difficulties and opportunities of these tremendous years, but side by side with them, and often in positions of authority and

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advantage over them, sit men who do not seem to have looked at the date on the calendar for the last two hundred years. They keep on at the old, old dreary game of playing off Power against Power, haggling and bargaining with allies, doing things in the dark, and carrying on policies as subtle as they are fundamentally idiotic. They scheme and haggle and let this great occasion slip by. And if a Foreign Office cannot do the work itself, it can at any rate prevent very effectively anyone else from attempting it.

Now I want you to consider this aspect of the present situation very carefully. If this League of Nations project is anything more than an amiable sentimentality, then it is a project to substitute for a multitude of Foreign Offices, for a multitude of embassies and diplomatists, some sort of central and authoritative world council. If it is a serious proposition, it is a proposition to create a new thing in which Foreign Offices and diplomacy are to be pooled, which is to guide and be supported by and to represent the will of mankind. And so far as I can see, we are going to leave it to the Foreign Offices and the diplomatists to arrange for their own final extinction. That is asking a lot from mortal men. We are asking these creations of the Great Power theory, these instruments of the Great Power theory, to banish the Great Power theory from existence. It is a little like asking the Associated Society of Undertakers to distribute the Elixir of Life.

That, I take it, is the peculiar embarrassment of Europe now, and that is why the masses of liberal people in Europe—in every country of Europe—display the remarkable disposition they do display to annex your President. He has become more than your President. He is, for the time, the head, the mouthpiece and representative, of intelligent mankind. There can be no one else. He is, I admit, a very great man, but if you will permit me to say so, there are statesmen in Europe who are to be measured with him. But they are entangled. Their hands are tied. Their instruments do the wrong things. All the world, all that is sane in this world, wants to get through this peace business without any more secret treaties and understandings. But Foreign Offices make secret treaties as rats gnaw the wainscot or mosquitoes spread malaria. It is their nature so to do.

I have been a steadfast advocate of this war and of pushing this war to the completest victory over Germany, and I would be the last man to minimize or condone the general and the particular iniquities of Germany and Germans in this struggle. But I want to point out that it is something more than Germany which is the matter with Europe. This trouble began in Europe before there was anything much in the way of a Germany, and it extends far beyond Germany. You may stamp it out in Germany today, and find it rising elsewhere in the west or the east tomorrow. The real evil we have to kill is the Great Power system, embodied in Foreign Offices of the old type and pursuing these "Policies," these secret and greedy Policies, the imbecile Policies that waste and slaughter mankind. There can be now only one Policy for mankind—Peace, Production and Education. Unless we are able to kill that old system for ever, I do not think that this war has been worth while. But if we do kill that system, if we do inaugurate upon these European battlefields a League, a Federation of Peoples, a human commonweal, prepared to cherish and reap the vast possibility of welfare that modern thought and science have opened to us, then there has been no pain, no effort, no heroism and no death, in all these years of strain and agony that will not be amply rewarded and justified and compensated in the years to come. It is for us who survive to see that, after this great sowing, mankind is not, in a mood of weariness and reaction and resentment, cheated by its old machinery and its stale traditions of the harvest of peace.

H. G. Wells.

The Method of Marshal Foch

EVERY few days since the counterstroke of July 18th the Germans celebrated a moral victory over Marshal Foch; he had failed to achieve a "decision," they said, or he had failed to "break through" the German front. Their assumption was that his plan was the same which they pursued in their offensives of Marsh 21st, April 9th, May 27th and July 15th. They aimed at the Allied front a series of "hammer-strokes," as they loved to call them, each intended to produce a genuine break-through which could be exploited to large, and possibly decisive, strategic results. German-like, they could not conceive that the opposing leader could have any better method than that of the great Hindenburg; Foch, too, they thought, must have been aiming with each blow at a "decision" or a "break-through."

This is to misconceive entirely the method of Marshal Foch. What it really is can be seen in broad outline from his direction of the campaign since March 26th, when he took over the supreme command. At first he waits, holding up painfully the German onslaughts. He watches keenly the weaknesses which develop in the enemy front—the exposed flanks of the great salients in Flanders, at

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Montdidier, south of Soissons—and we can imagine with what grim satisfaction he found that the Germans, swollen with the self-confidence begotten of the Franco-Prussian and earlier wars, intended to ignore these weaknesses and to press on, riding roughshod over the Allied armies, which they believed demoralized and incapable of offensive action, just as they dismissed the American reinforcements as of no military value. He seeks his opportunity, attacks, seizes the initiative. Then he develops his own method. It is poles apart from the "hammer-strokes" of Hindenburg. It involves a mechanism of offensives succeeding one another, for the most part each on a narrow front. They are closely coordinated, helping each other's progress, safeguarding each other against counter-attack. There is no attempt to force a sudden decision, no impulsive throwing in of all the Allied resources in a terrific attempt to procure the "Sedan" beloved of the popular journalist. The effect is slowly but surely to extrude the Germans from their bases in France and Germany and so to prepare the way for a transference of the war—unless the Germans choose to avert it by surrender—to German soil. Foch approaches Metz, but there is no invasion yet of German Lorraine because the necessary security has not been obtained—the expulsion of the Germans from France and Belgium, at least as far as the Meuse, is the foundation of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. The period since July 18th was not one of failure to procure a decision. It was a time of preparation.

These conclusions can be read in the events of the campaign, but they could be drawn equally from the lectures, since republished in book form, which Marshal Foch delivered at the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre in the years before the war. A single passage, containing his criticism of Gambetta, illuminates the principles on which he has been fighting. Gambetta, he says, deserves all praise for realizing that he could and must appeal to the whole French nation and that, with its resources behind him, the war was not yet lost. But when the national levies were in the field he should not have thrown them hastily into the struggle in the vain hope of saving Paris.

> Unhappily, it is difficult even for loftier spirits to escape completely from the ideas of their time, and so Gambetta will not apply his theory completely.
>
> After having organized the national armies he will not wage a national war, he will not be able to escape from the opinion which identifies the fate of the nation with that of the Capital. He will assign to the armies which he has created as if by magic the deliverance of Paris as their first object; he will thus exhaust them in attacking troops that are numerous, well trained and victorious; in an offensive that is beyond their power; in seeking after an immediate and complete decision of which they are incapable; in a country entirely unfavorable to young and inexperienced troops.
>
> Very different would have been a properly understood programme of the national struggle. At first it would have aimed at the defense, foot by foot, of the territory which furnishes the national resources; then at the deliverance of the country. Its execution would at the beginning have embraced the defensive, the only form of warfare possible to young levies because it makes use of space, of time, of ground, and allows the defender to refuse a decision by arms to an opponent who needs decisive victories in order to break down resistance and so conquer the invaded country. In the end it would have included the offensive, which would have been conducted with armies trained to war and restored to confidence against an enemy strained to the utmost, scattered, exhausted in barren efforts, struck with want owing to the length of his communications. Yes, that was the method that Gambetta should have practised.

Making all allowances for the differences between the Franco-Prussian and the present war, have we not here a rough but fair description of the method which Marshal Foch has followed? The steady liberation of France and Belgium, the wearing down of the Germans, the training and systematic introduction to the combat of the American armies, which are the analogue of the French national levies and the arbiter of the final issue, here is surely in active operation the policy which Marshal Foch insists Gambetta should have followed.

The necessity for such a policy is based by Marshal Foch on certain fundamental principles. He is, of course, of the Napoleonic school. Action, battle, the shock of masses, overpowering force at the decisive point—these are the keys to the art of war and to victory. Foch, one knows, would be bitterly contemptuous of those military writers who for years have been talking as though victory were only obtainable by a superiority in gross totals of men. He places at the head of one of his lectures Napoleon's saying: "The art of war consists in having always a greater force than the enemy, even with an army weaker than his, at the points where you attack or are attacked by him," and he gives the great story of Napoleon's conversation with Moreau in 1799, which may be quoted here, since he adopts the moral of it as his own.

> The two generals, who had never met before, appeared to be equally pleased to meet. It was noticed that they regarded each other for a moment in silence. Bonaparte broke silence first and told Moreau of the desire which for a long time he had had to know him. Moreau replied: "You arrive victorious from Egypt and I from Italy after a great defeat." After some explanations as to the causes of this defeat, he added: "It was impossible for our brave army not to be overwhelmed by such large forces. It is always the large numbers who beat the small."

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"You are right," said Bonaparte, "it is always the large numbers who beat the small."

"All the same, General," I said [Gohier is speaking] you have often beaten large armies with small ones."

"There, too," he said, "it was always the small numbers that were beaten by the large."

This led him to develop his methods to us.

"When, with inferior forces, I was in presence of a large army, grouping mine with rapidity, I would fall like a thunderbolt on one of its wings and crush it. I immediately profited by the disorder which this manoeuvre never failed to cause in the hostile army to attack it in another quarter, always with all my force. I thus beat it in detail and victory, which was the result, was always, as you see, the triumph of the large numbers over the small."

Here is described, says Marshal Foch, the art of "creating numbers," and one recalls his counter-offensive of July 18th, the turning point of the campaign, when, as is now known, in order to seize the great prize of the initiative, he threw into the battle all his available reserves and, according to the German military writers, though doubtless they exaggerated, employed 1,200,000 men in the movement from Soissons by way of Château Thierry and the Marne to Rheims. That, indeed, was a time for risking much. But it is our point that though he would have welcomed a "decision" he did not attempt to force it. His writings bear out this view. The reference to Gambetta is only an isolated instance; everywhere he insists that the general must lay well and truly the foundations of his battle and that these foundations are to be found in a policy of *Sûreté*. The word recurs continually: *Sûreté* gives the general freedom of action in the decisive contest, and it is guaranteed to him by the troops who on the rest of the front paralyze the threats of the enemy, immobilize him, deprive him of dangerous positions, clear the ground for the greater stroke that is to follow. Its handmaid, therefore, is an alert and efficient intelligence system and for the lack of such a system and of *Sûreté* the Germans suffered their disaster of July 18th. The severe words which Foch uses of the French commanders at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war might be applied literally to the action of the Germans in attacking on July 15th without due regard to their exposed flank south of Soissons. "Ignorance of *Sûreté* . . . they regulate their action by false information which they do not verify, they fail to clear up the situation round them, they fail to guard themselves against the enemy." But Foch himself did not fail his principle of *Sûreté*. It is difficult to compare the complex mechanism of his campaign with the idea of a single battle, but if we imagine him as looking forward to a final series of battles involving the invasion of Germany and the gradual dissolution of the German armies, the operations of this summer and autumn, for all the vastness of their scale, will be found to conform astonishingly to this principle of security which goes before and makes possible the final clash. To take only one point, the expulsion of the Germans from their strongholds in France and Belgium would have been the necessary condition of the invasion of Lorraine by way of Metz, which Marshal Foch would certainly have undertaken if the acknowledgment of defeat by Germany had not made it superfluous. *Sûreté* first and then the battle. Did we have the battle? Or was not the *Sûreté* itself battle enough for Germany?

W. P. Crozier.

The French Socialist Congress

THE French Socialist Congress was held in Paris from October 6th to October 10th. It was a disappointment. It was scheduled to discuss problems such as French political reform and the economic reconstruction of France, and it descended to a bitter quarrel between the two factions who desired the party leadership. A few far-seeing members tried in vain to change the tenor of the debate, but though for a moment they inspired enthusiastic support of the Wilsonian peace idea, the discussion soon lapsed back into recriminations, each faction accusing the other of treason towards socialism.

The reports read at the Congress show how, since the beginning of the war, these sterile quarrels have diminished the Socialist ranks while the Syndicalists have been able, not only to maintain, but to reinforce their numbers. Before the war the Socialist party had more than 70,000 dues-paying members. After the drain of mobilization the number fell to 25,000, and it has only climbed with great difficulty to 34,151, the present membership. During the same period the Confédération Générale du Travail went from 650,000 to 900,000 members, and if this is partly due to the increased necessity for the workers to band together for higher wages, it is also due to the absolute unity within the French Syndicalist movement.

The Congress opened at the time when Germany sent in her first armistice proposal, and it was therefore natural that the first subject for discussion should be the address to President Wilson proposed by M. Cachin, the president of the Congress. One of the minority leaders questioned the enthusiasm manifested for President Wilson by saying that a Wilsonian peace was not necessarily a Socialist peace, and that the International

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ought to be heard from because peace could only come to the world through the efforts of the proletariat and only through revolution could such a peace come. M. Edgard Milhaud, on the contrary, who is professor of international law at Geneva and an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, tried to warn the Socialists against taking the German demand for an armistice too seriously, since the Germans had rejected President Wilson's fourteen points so contemptuously last January. But, in spite of these extremist criticisms, the text of the address was unanimously agreed upon, and the Associated Press transmitted it, since the inter-Allied Council at Versailles made difficulties about sending it through diplomatic channels. A little later the Congress had the opportunity to thank President Wilson for his answer to the Central Powers, and both factions were unanimous in their praise of it.

Because of these diplomatic events the Congress asked the Socialist deputies to shed some light on the subject of the secret debates which had been held in the French Chamber during the preceding months. M. Cachin, member of the Parliament Committee on Foreign Affairs, described the debates in full detail, a proceeding which caused great stir in parliamentary circles because of the divulgation of documents which certain people maintained ought never to have been made public. M. Cachin concluded by saying that during the debates imperialistic aims had been manifested by certain Entente statesmen, and he thought that here was perhaps the secret of the warnings issued by President Wilson in his last speech. M. Cachin then gave a literal translation of the speech, which was received by repeated applause and loud cries of "Vive Wilson."

The dismemberment of Austria and the independence of small nationalities then came up for discussion. M. Cachin insisted that the Dual Monarchy should be maintained as a counterbalance to Germany. Albert Thomas, who has always been on the side of the Czecho-Slovaks and the "irredenta" Italians, took the stand that peoples fighting for their independence should not be abandoned by Socialist parties and Allied democracy. The minority members differed sharply with him, and M. Jean Longuet declared that he and his friends would never agree to sacrifice thousands of Frenchmen for the sake of nationalistic claims, which Socialists, even of the small countries involved, were not in sympathy with.

This debate on foreign affairs served to reemphasize the problem of leadership which has so long troubled the French Socialist party. The opposition declared its intention of superseding those who had caused the party to forsake its principles during the war, and the final vote on the motions made by the rival factions gave the victory to the opposition, which received 1,528 votes, while the ex-majority got 1,212 and the centrist, or reconciliation group, got 181. The resolution of the ex-majority members, presented by M. Renaudel, contained an approval of the policy hitherto pursued by the party and proposed the following principles for the future:

"Unreserved willingness to support the national defense and consequently to vote for war credits as long as the war is waged for its original aims.

"The peace to be based on the principles of President Wilson, confirmed by the last inter-Allied Labor Congress in London."

But the resolution, which was finally adopted by the Congress and which will henceforth serve as the basis for all political action by the French Socialist party, is essentially as follows:

A strict affirmation of the unshakable principles of the "class struggle."

A brief declaration of loyalty to the national defense and a re-affirmation that a bond exists between the Socialist party and the International, "which is the only power able to establish a real peace among the peoples of the world," and a declaration of the necessity for a meeting of the International, "which is the only power able to deprive all militarists of their weapons."

Refusal of war credits as a means of protest against internal and external reaction.

But the most interesting part of the adopted resolution is its conception of peace, which is based on President Wilson's message of the 22nd of January, 1917, namely: "Peace without victory, without annexations and without punitive indemnities." As far as the liberation of small nations is concerned, the resolution is energetically opposed to every programme which, under pretext of attaining this end, should lead to the prolongation of the conflict.

The resolution finishes by a somewhat sceptical declaration on the subject of the League of Nations—"To make this league a cause for continuing the war might lead to the most regrettable consequences."

But since the chief reason the resolution was adopted seems to have been that its supporters wished to triumph, no matter at what cost, over the ex-majority members, it would be imprudent to conclude from it that its intransigeant Marxist doctrines will continue to be the party's platform. There is absolutely no doubt that the great majority of the French Socialists are very far from being sceptical about the League of Nations.

Public opinion was almost completely indifferent to this Congress of the French Socialists. The

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Journal des Débats, the old organ of liberal bourgeois opinion, expresses very clearly the attitude generally taken. In substance it declared the day after the Congress: "The Socialists have brought discredit on their party by the Byzantinism of their discussions and their habit of digging up old theoretical formulas, strangely superannuated today." Even the democratic element most sympathetic to the Socialist cause showed some disappointment with the party's incapacity for discussing the great problems which it, particularly, should have met with clear, strong and loyal ideas. There is indeed a vast difference between the smallness and the sterility of the discussions of the French Socialist Congress and the remarkable task accomplished by the English Labor party under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Henderson. Their efforts have resulted in the adoption of a political and economic programme inspired by the greatest ideals of modern socialism and dealing with all the questions which must be considered for the resumption of constructive activity in England.

Nevertheless it can not be said that men of action are lacking in the French Socialist party. Will they be able to put a stop to their rivalry and their quarrels and give new strength to the party which has assumed the heavy responsibility of representing the political aspirations of the working class? This is the secret of tomorrow, and if a speedy change does not take place in the attitude of the Socialist leaders there is no doubt but that the masses of the people will leave them and go over entirely to the Confédération Générale du Travail, which has at least managed to preserve its moral unity all through the war, and which has bent all its efforts towards accomplishing positive results in the vast work of social and economic reorganization—the one great preoccupation of all human beings sincerely devoted to the progress of democracy.

HENRY PRÊTÉ.

Paris.

Who Are Our Friends in Germany?

IN Mr. Wilson's speech of November 11th to Congress, we see both an answer and the refusal of an answer to the great question-mark which now lies across all central and eastern Europe and which is familiarly translated simply into:

Shall the rulers of that part of the world be Socialists more radical or Socialists less radical?

Advices to the State Department seem clearly to indicate that all Europe from the Urals to the Alps, in all its main centres, may soon have to be surrendered to Socialism of some sort. The Czecho-Slovak army engaged in fighting the Bolsheviki in Russia is itself largely Socialist. Some forty per cent of its officers and privates are members of Socialist parties. Czecho-Slovakia, Bohemia, Europe's innermost and dominating bastion, may be a centre and citadel of anti-Bolshevism but it will be no centre and citadel whatsoever of anti-Socialism. Socialism of some sort will be present pervasively at Prague. And Socialism of some sort is on its way to the surface and to triumph partial or complete at the Hague and at Copenhagen and at Stockholm, if the latest communications from responsible quarters in those places can be taken at even half of their face-value. It may be a false dawn, of course; but at present writing it does seem that central and eastern Europe, the world's bridge between the great Orient and the great Occident, the world's most strategic stretch of territory, is on the verge of being quite lost to capitalism of the strict or Senator Lodge variety. And in that case we shall soon hear Senator Lodge saying what Prime Minister Clemenceau is already manifestly saying:

How can I rush to the rescue of the Albert Thomases and Victor Bergers of Berlin and balk the plots of the Jean Longuets and Bill Haywoods?

A similar thought, but in a totally different spirit, runs all through the last section of the President's speech of November 11th; and we might well prepare ourselves now for the perhaps extremely violent political struggles which that different spirit is likely to produce in America and in all Allied countries.

In doing so we need waste no time on the fanatics of varying schools who think that the food which the President is about to send to Germany is pro-German food or mere pro-humanitarian food cast on the waters of an undiscriminating idealism. This food is pro-Scheidemann and pro-Ebert food. It is anti-Liebknecht and anti-Mehring food. It is food, admittedly and notoriously, by which the masses of Germany can be prevented from making a decision in favor of Bolshevism in the intoxication of strong speeches on empty stomachs. It is food therefore by which the conservative Socialists of Germany, whoever they may be, can and will combat the "Bolshevik" Socialists of Germany, whoever they may be, now and hereafter. And there M. Clemenceau seems to stop.

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But Mr. Wilson is not afraid to go farther.

In following him farther, it is necessary to begin by considering the character of the conservative Socialists of Germany who are now virtually our allies.

These conservative Socialists come mostly from the "majority" wing of the German Socialist party. The "Bolshevik" Socialists, on the other hand, are an off-shoot from the "minority" wing. Each wing has a well known record in relation to the issues of the war. And we shall sufficiently revive those records if we remind ourselves of the affair at Stockholm and of the incidents surrounding the Reichstag Peace Resolution of July 19, 1917.

At Stockholm the Dutch-Scandinavian Committee sent out a set of questions to which the Socialist parties of all countries were asked to reply. The "majority" wing and the "minority" wing of the German Socialist party replied separately. They also replied contradictorily. And the divergence between them is amply illustrated by what they respectively said with regard to Belgium and with regard to Alsace-Lorraine.

The "majority" was quite unwilling to commit itself to German restoration of Belgian municipalities and industries. It said:

"We reject the idea of one-sided obligations to repair damages in territories affected by the war. Besides, we consider the destruction of private property the least part of the damages produced. The greatest losses affecting humanity—the destruction of human life—can be repaired by no amount of effort."

With this sniffle the "majority" dismissed Belgium to "international financial assistance." The "minority," on the other hand, said outright:

"In fulfilment of the German government's promise at the beginning of the war, the Belgian nation has to be compensated for the damage caused by the war and especially for the economic values which have been taken away."

Coming to the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, the "majority" could admit no possibility of any change of any kind in the international status of any part of the Reichsland. It set up the fact that "French as a mother-tongue is spoken by no more than 11.4 per cent of the population." It omitted all mention of the fact that multitudes of German-speaking Alsatians are vehemently and irreconcilably anti-German. Thus the "majority." The "minority," on the other hand, was at least not disingenuous and at least not unable to face the possibility of great change. It said:

"The population of Alsace-Lorraine, which in 1871 was annexed against its will, should obtain the opportunity through a direct and free vote to express its wish as to the state to which it shall belong."

Such was the divergence between the two factions at Stockholm. An equal divergence appeared at the time of the Reichstag Peace Resolution. The "majority" Socialists were inclined to regard that resolution as an impressive proof of the German will to peace. But the "minority" Socialists did not fail to point out its elements of hypocrisy and inadequacy. Hugo Haase, speaking in the Reichstag, said:

"The statement regarding the beginning of the war is untenable. We do not forget Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, nor Austria's mobilization against Russia, nor the councils held here in Berlin on July 5th of 1914."

And Eduard Bernstein, in an article a few days later, on August 3, 1917, in the Neue Zeit, said:

"Can any man read the closing words of the resolution as an invitation to peace? The words 'right to development' can be used by the Jingo parties—even by Count Westarp and by all the Ueber-annexionisten—to cover their war-aims. There is but one phrase which can draw a clear line between peace and imperialism. That phrase is missing from the Reichstag pronouncement. It is: the right of self-determination for all peoples."

Surely, during the war, the "minority" was considerably closer than the "majority" to the spirit of democratic Britons and Frenchmen and Americans. But out of the "minority," out of a certain faction in the "minority," have come the Germans who are now the leaders of "Bolshevism" and of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" in German cities. And their power seems to be enormously more extensive than could have been guessed by the experiences of the "minority" in the by-elections which took place during the war in German Reichstag constituencies.

There were three such elections of peculiar importance. In all three of them the "minority" candidates were thoroughly beaten by the candidates of the "majority." In the constituency of Potsdam there was perhaps a satisfactory explanation. There the bourgeois voters combined with the Socialist "majority" voters. But in the constituency of Niederbarnim and afterwards in the constituency of Zwickau the bourgeois voters had candidates of their own. In those two constituencies therefore the "majority" Socialist candidate and the "minority" Socialist candidate were equally stripped of all outside help. The fight was a fight within the party. And in each case the "minority" candidate was defeated by act of the rank-and-file party-members.

What satisfactory explanation could possibly be offered? Franz Mehring produced one. He had

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been a member of the "minority." But he declared that the "minority" was losing because it did not go beyond the "majority" far enough in its opposition to the German imperial government. He accused the "minority" of compromising. And they were similarly accused by many other writers. The editor of the Chemnitzer Volksstimme said, for instance, that at Zwickau "the independent candidate did not by any single word of his show what position he really occupied. None of the leaflets circulated by his supporters showed that he really advocated the rejection of war-credits."

Believing then that even the "minority," in its leadership, was too conservative to attract the enthusiasm of the people and to rouse it to its true purpose and destiny, Mehring abandoned his association with the "minority," and he wrote his famous letter to the Bolsheviki at Moscow. This letter was openly printed in Germany in the Internationale Korrespondenz. It detailed the feelings of the so-called "Internationale" and "Spartacus" groups of German Socialists and alluded to Comrade Karl Liebknecht and Comrade Rosa Luxemburg then in prison (amid applause from all Allied countries) for resisting the Kaiser's war without any compromise whatever and remarked:

"While meeting at first everywhere only hostility, even at the hands of the Independent ('minority') Socialists, we always enjoy the good fortune of finding a receptive ear and mind among the working class as well as the same readiness for self-sacrifice which was once, at the time of the anti-Socialist laws, manifested by their fathers."

And it ended:

"I am writing this letter in accordance with the wish which has more than once been brought to my notice by members of the 'Internationale' group that I should tell our Russian comrades and political friends that we are attached to them by all ties of passionate and most profound sympathy."

In this letter we see the personalities and the avenues through which Bolshevism found its friendliest reception in Germany. Those avenues were avenues in the most anti-Kaiser section of German Socialism, and those personalities were personalities resplendent for frank and complete rejection of all even temporary and tacit compromise with imperialism.

But now suddenly, against Liebknecht and Luxemburg and Mehring, we are obliged to support Scheidemann and Ebert. Haase seems to be cooperating with Scheidemann and Ebert. But if Haase and all the other leaders of the "minority" group should leave Scheidemann and Ebert and should take sides with Liebknecht, we should still be obliged to support Scheidemann and Ebert. Liebknecht is reported to demand "the dictatorship of the proletariat" forthwith. Scheidemann and Ebert are reported to demand the inclusion of all social classes in the voting-lists. We are obliged, for our own good and for the good of the world, to support a democracy of the whole people against a dictatorship of any one class no matter how numerous. And our help is needed. The struggle between democracy and dictatorship in Germany, according to the advices to our State Department, is close and uncertain. Our help is therefore extended. But there is a limit to it.

The President, in the course of refusing to give a complete answer to the question-mark lying across central and eastern Europe, has stated that limit. If our economic support, in food and in other supplies, does not bring immediate domestic peace to Germany, and if a violent conflict between the right wing and the left wing of German Socialism should break out and linger on in revolutionary civil strife, we must refuse to give to either wing any slightest support of arms. There will be much crying for armed Allied intervention. The President, even before that crying is well started, disclaims and discountenances it. He grounds himself on a certain general principle to the effect that it is not for us to coerce the Germans in their choice of the routes along which they will return to orderliness. But, behind that principle, there is a fact.

The German right wing has a record. The German left wing, both among the followers of Haase and among the followers of Liebknecht, has a record. Those records cannot be forgotten. They constitute a fact which forbids us to treat the leaders of the left wing as international criminals. And in refusing so to treat them the President surely deserves the backing of every democratic American who, besides having a willingness to let other nations work out their own forms of political and industrial self-government, has a memory.

WILLIAM HARD.

Clinging Earth

(For A. R. T.)

He's gone and I would think of him as one released
And loosed from all the little cares of men;
Gone—and I would think of him where pain has ceased,
Where human measures fade, grow dim, and yet—again—
Child-seen deep in my heart there hover golden gates,
Padlocked and stately, all agleam in sun,
And just inside I dream his body waits
—With touch of flesh to welcome me—
When I am done.

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR.

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Ivan the Terrible

IVAN he was christened because he was born in the days of universal enthusiasm when the Russian Ivan rose in his might and crushed to atoms the maleficent throne of the Romanoffs. "The Terrible" means only that his parents are young and ultra-modern and malign their offspring where the parents of old time bragged about them. Maligning is more piquant; and then too—but this is psychology of the unconscious—it wards off the evil eye. For himself, Ivan is just a wee mite of pink flesh and blue eyes and turned up nose, sparse blonde hair and a rather pathetic desire to please, as you can tell from the soft glow with which his eyes meet yours, if you know babies. His mother doesn't, and that Ivan seems to understand, for all the brevity of his tale of days. I have often observed on his face a thin veil of infantile despair, as one after another of his devices of pleasing fall flat.

"Ivan, Ivan, don't do that!" I've been tempted to cry out when I've observed him trying on his mother the art of rolling up his eyes to show all white. Doubtless that has worked on the Negro maid at the day nursery. But the effect on his mother is to produce a little shiver. That trick doesn't go well with a pink turned up nose. His mother might take the will for the deed, you say. Yes: but she doesn't know babies.

"How preposterous!" I hear you murmur. "She has a baby: ergo, she knows babies." That, I admit is the orthodox lore. With the birth of her first child, a vast volume of knowledge that she never before had a chance of acquiring is supposed to descend upon the mother. But in the face of universal opinion I deny that there is any evidence whatever in support of the theory of the miraculous afflatus of knowledge. The first baby—and any baby, for the matter of that—is a little stranger, under obligation to win his mother's heart if he would be happy, as the wandering youth of folk tales is under obligation to win the heart of his princess. It is hard to say which has the more difficult task, but there is no doubt that the baby has the advantage of a better technique, the more effective because it is erroneously assumed to be unconscious. The wandering youth usually failed; the baby usually succeeds. But not always, and Ivan had not succeeded. Of course his mother liked him, but she had retained her liberty. And from Ivan's point of view, that was failure.

Let it not be rashly assumed that Ivan is a stupid and incompetent baby. What has thwarted his enterprise is a mighty social force, the Economic Independence of Women. Theodosia Garnett, Ivan's mother, is convinced that there is no majesty and no might save in the Independent Pay Envelope. Therefore for almost a year now, ever since Ivan was a month old, Theodosia has gone forth with her husband every morning on the 8:14 from the suburban village where I also live. Ivan spends his days in the efficient nursery conducted by Mrs. Holsworthy. The day nursery charges are twenty dollars a week, and Theodosia earns twenty-five. Her commutation is $9.67 monthly and her lunches must cost fifteen dollars. Calculate for yourself the net economic gain due to Economic Independence. One day on the train in I started gleefully to make the calculation for Theodosia's benefit. But Mr. Garnett trod on my foot. Usually when I debate with Theodosia about Ivan Mr. Garnett observes strict neutrality. The advantage lies with her, for she is a mother and what am I that I should presume to know anything about babies? But I have succeeded in creating the impression that I know economics; therefore Mr. Garnett will not permit the debate to enter the economic field where it might be dangerous.

"Of course it figures out absurdly," he admitted to me over the phone after we had arrived at our several offices. "But she makes herself think it pays. It's a principle with her to believe that. So I have to believe it, and you will, too, if you're going to ride in the same car with us."

Theodosia works in a department store. That, too, is principle. Economic Independence of Women will get nowhere, she says, if it is confined to the fine arts and the higher professions. It must make its way among the masses of women who can't expect to do anything but take their places in trade and industry. In idle hours I sometimes go through the department store aisles just to see what function Theodosia is performing in the concrete. The last time I was there I found her presiding over a sale of cretonnes—the most terrible cretonnes that can be found even in this day of designs originating for the most part in padded cells. I saw her calmly measure out an infinity of horror for a wan husband, by fatal error entrusted with discretion in the selection of household draperies. That cretonne haunts me still. Black ground; interlacing japonica stems; leaves of Paris green; flowers of London purple; peacocks outlined in white, with plumes of vitriol blue.

"So this is economic independence," I remarked to Theodosia in the interval of customers. "Your firm took that poor citizen's money away from him and slipped a curse on him besides. Your economic independence comes out of the booty."

"I'm so glad I got rid of that cretonne," replied Theodosia calmly. "There's only a remnant left and somebody else will have to handle it."

"You admit, then, that it was robbery," I said severely.

Theodosia laughed. "It had been manufactured, so it had to be sold. I sold it. That's all there is to it."

On Labor Day I was sauntering about my yard, fretting over the ravages of the scale on my neglected pear tree when Theodosia and her husband stopped at my gate.

"Come along," called Theodosia. "We're going over to the day nursery to call on Ivan. Maybe when you see it you'll change your mind about it."

The day nursery is a quaint old colonial house, deep in the shade of ancient elms, just the kind of place that is supposed to appeal to babies. The door was opened by a harassed Czecho-Slovak or Jugo-Slav maid. She stared at us in bewilderment; plainly she did not recognize the Garnetts.

"New maid," I remarked as we seated ourselves in the "tastefully decorated" parlor, trying to ignore the shrill chorus of wailings from the rear of the house.

"Yes," said Theodosia, "Mrs. Holsworthy has no end of trouble keeping her maids."

"Labor turnover one thousand per cent," I translated. "Poor Ivan. No sooner does he learn how to win one of them than she leaves. That accounts for his uncertain technique."

"Technique, technique," exclaimed Theodosia, impatiently. "Will you never get over your fantastic theory of babies? But here comes Mrs. Holsworthy."

"Good morning, dear parents," sounded a voice of clover honey. Theodosia presented me. Mrs. Holsworthy offered me a smooth, limp hand. She is a large woman with a brow nothing could ruffle, eyes vacuously serene, brown hair done most sedately, brown and most sedate dress. Just the type of woman that bachelor men and economically independent young women describe, God knows why, as a "motherly woman."

"I hear music in the nursery," said Mrs. Holsworthy

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sweetly. "Precious little souls, it's good for their lungs." She held up a plump forefinger. "If you will be very still, dear parents, you may come in and see them." She smiled winningly upon me. "You may come too, if a mere man knows how to be good."

The nursery was a long room with white enameled walls, white linoleum floors, blue curtains, blue shades, half drawn. Very aseptic, evidently. There were eight white enamel cribs, each with its baby howling itself to a ruddy hue. In the act of crying all babies look much alike. Left to myself I could not have told which was Ivan. For guidance I glanced surreptitiously at Theodosia: mother instinct and all that. No, Theodosia was just as uncertain as I was. But Mrs. Holsworthy came to our relief.

"Here we have our dear little Ivan. Wonderful little man. What a splendid voice he has!"

Maybe it was a splendid voice, but it was growing hoarse. Whatever the occasion of his woe, it was plain that he had had enough of it. All he wanted was the slightest excuse for laughing. Just a word, just a pat on his little cheek would have sufficed. I glanced narrowly at the motherly Mrs. Holsworthy. Not the least indication that she had any perception of Ivan's state of mind. It was as clear as day that she never came among her charges except when there were visitors. For she moved serenely among the despairing babies like a Homeric goddess above the desperate slaughters of men.

"Isn't she wonderful?" cried Theodosia ecstatically as we issued from the gates of the day nursery.

"She is an alligator in disguise," I replied savagely.

Mr. Garnett coughed warningly but my opinions would out.

"She ought to be put in charge of baby rabbits. If you spoil one batch, there's another before you can begin to regret."

"Tell me, please," said Theodosia in a tense, even tone. "Do you *like* to be disagreeable? Or do you come by it through heredity?"

A fortnight later Mr. Garnett called at my office.

"I've missed you on the train the last few days. Well, Theodosia has thrown up her job."

"What?" I exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

"To put it in your terms, Ivan won her, at last."

"Does she consider it her duty?" I inquired cautiously.

"No. She considers it a vice. But she just can't help it."

"It looks as if it would last, then," I reflected.

"Of course it will last. You can't drag her away." Mr. Garnett rose to go. "Come and see us. She will expect you to know it. But not to notice it."

The next Sunday afternoon I called on the Garnetts. Theodosia was busy teasing smiles out of Ivan. I talked about the probable length of the war, about reconstruction and whatever else there was that might not indicate that I noticed.

"I suppose you know I threw up my job," said Theodosia suddenly.

"Yes," I said. "It was a great blow to me."

"Did you see what this darling did?" cried Theodosia. "He understood what you said."

"Understood?" I repeated, mystified.

"Yes. You said blow and he blew."

"No!" I exclaimed. "That was a coincidence."

"Blow, darling!"

Ivan puckered up his smiling lips. "Whew!" he breathed manfully.

"I see," I remarked bitterly. "To all my grave philosophy on babies and the Economic Independence of Women you turned a deaf ear. But this terrible little Ivan had only to acquire the art of blowing, and you were converted."

"All that grave philosophizing was nothing but words," said Theodosia vindictively. "But when Ivan the Terrible blows——"

"Whew," blew Ivan triumphantly.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

How Mrs. Joy Celebrated Peace

MR. AND MRS. JOY have been long established in Springfield, Illinois, as the proprietors of an excellent Chop Suey restaurant. Mr. Joy is a Chinaman. Mrs. Joy is a Kiowa Indian. Mrs. Joy started the peace celebration in Springfield. I was informed of this in Stuart's confectionery. So I went around to Mrs. Joy's place near by, and she served tea and told me the story:

"I was up late writing letters and heard the big whistles, and the telephone girl told me it was peace for sure this time. So I woke up the girl that waits on the table here and her little boy, and we started out. There was no one on the street. We went around the square two or three times giving the Kiowa war whoop all by ourselves and shouting for peace, and we were about ready to go home when we met a boy and his girl and his sister, and the boy had a drum and he was the most patriotic boy I ever saw. I said 'Come on now, let's start the parade,' and he was a great drum player, and played the drum to wake the dead, and sang Over There and My Country, 'Tis of Thee. So we six started out, and I taught them the Kiowa war whoop, and we went around to the Leland Hotel and picked up the all night telephone girl and the messenger boys and started for the Governor's mansion, and people joined us with horns and tin pans and automobiles, and we marched through Governor Lowden's yard, and then to the State House ground to O'Connor's Lincoln statue, and people who did not come with us leaned out of the windows and threw us their great big flags. By eight-thirty in the morning we had about a thousand people, and we had heard that the watch factory was let out and marched north to meet them, and by a quarter of nine o'clock the whole town was in the parade, and our six still leading it with the drum and the Kiowa war whoop. The parade went on till midnight. I was in it most of the time. It was the best celebration Springfield ever had. There was no aristocracy about it. Everybody felt easy in their minds and free to take part. And they all behaved very nicely I thought. There were very few accidents, and nobody was rough.

"You must understand," added Mrs. Joy, "that it is not customary for Indian women to give the war whoop. The men do not give it, except on special occasions, the women on *very* special occasions."

VACHEL LINDSAY.

An Invitation

Bring hemlock, black as Cretan cheese,
And mix a sacramental brew;
A worthy drink for Socrates,
Why not for you?

ROBERT HILLYER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The School of Social Research

SIR: It is some time since you published Mr. Croly's admirable outline of a proposed school of Social Research. Though silence on the subject since that article appeared may mean that the suggestion has come to nothing and that further discussion of it is idle, I venture to send you this belated approval.

This school, says Mr. Croly, would, if it were established, contribute to the social education of the American people and to the better realization of the social ideal, implicit in American democracy, by promoting the disinterested investigation of the subject matter of modern society, and by deriving therefrom more serviceable social discipline. And he further says: that the school will study society rather than politics; and, being financially independent and governed by its teaching staff, it could, and would, concentrate its whole intellectual energy upon the study and mastery of social processes.

Not politics, but society; not legislators and courts, but the knowledges and habits of those who make and guide them both; not changes in governmental machinery, but changes in thought and feeling which modify society regardless of governmental machinery; not the state, but the social processes born of mental and moral changes of which all modifications of the state are little more than belated records—that we should have a group of studious-minded men, trained in scientific method and drawing their livelihood from their own activities and not from public funds or great foundations, and giving their time and thought solely to these things—this is a suggestion which all who are free of the great political superstition will surely hasten to approve.

As a nation we are masters of ourselves, and wear that fashion of government which we ourselves select. The form and manners of the government which we set up and maintain are the direct products of our own character. This statement we must, it is true, supplement with the admission that the government our character gives us does, in some degree, and in the due course of its life, modify the character which gave it birth. But I have long been of the few who believe that the secret of social advance, of increasing the sum total skill in living together with a maximum of comfort and pleasure for all, lies not in modifications of the forms and manners of government, but in the modification of the minds, habits and emotions of the nation's component units.

I am not sure that I do not here push Mr. Croly's suggestion, for a study of the subject matter of social progress, farther than he would himself. He may feel that our government has had more influence on our development as a people than I do; but his article lays more stress on society, on the social order as a whole, than it does on that one special form of expression which stands apart as a government; and it is this stress on the study of our present social structure that leads me to send you this note. The study of society is not my field, and I must write of it in a very halting way, without good control even of its terms; but my feeling in these days is so strong that we are entering on an era of growth of superstition in the domain of government, that I can not refrain from expressing my hearty approval of a carefully considered proposal to establish a school which shall study the whole of our social organism and not simply that part of it which, unfortunately, has the power to draw to itself much of that solemn attention which develops so often into superstitious reverence!

In the New Republic for August 17th there was an article on a remaking of our constitution, which alone quite justified my fears that we are becoming more politically superstitious. The writer dwells at length on methods of recasting the constitution, and suggests that this party and that party and the other party may be drawn into the task and make enthusiastic workers by this or that device; all the time assuming that, if we can remake the constitution we shall thereby in some large degree remake our social order. Meanwhile he seems to have failed to see that the social order, including all the forms of speech and action of everyone of us, is daily changing under the impact of circumstance with which the constitution has nothing to do, and against which no constitution, however cunningly devised, can avail one whit. The changes thus going on are not born of laws or politics or parties; they are born of us and are fathered by circumstances. They modify our federal constitution daily and daily overturn our laws. And it is these underlying changes, which, as I understand it, Mr. Croly suggests that we attack through a carefully selected and entirely independent body of students, some of whom shall venture to teach, some of whom shall submit to direction and all of whom shall devote their time and energy to investigation and to the immediate application of things learned by their investigations to our social conditions.

Is there any hope that this school will be established?

J. C. DANA.

Newark, New Jersey.

Jews Are Not Aliens

SIR: The article Palestine Redeemed in your issue of October 5th has just come to my notice. In addressing you on the subject it is not my purpose to discuss the future of Palestine; this would carry me too far afield. My object in penning this note is to enter respectful, but none the less vigorous, protest against the sentence towards the close of your editorial which reads, "there are contributions to the common life of mankind that cannot be required of Jews so long as they dwell as aliens among more or less friendly peoples, restricted by law or custom to a narrow range of vocations, ever conscious of a separatist solidarity instead of the general solidarity of which members of a compact nation are conscious." This sentence sounds so much like what I was accustomed to see in anti-Semitic papers in Germany, Rumania, Russia and Austria in the days before the war, when such papers were accessible, that I could scarcely credit my sight when I read it in the columns of a journal of the character of the New Republic, whose writers I have always felt to be fair-minded above all else.

A favorite anti-Semitic charge is that Jews are aliens among the people in whose midst they dwell. That charge you now also make, although without evil intent, I am willing to grant. Still the statement has appeared in your columns, and has come as a shock to me, and I am sure to other Jews of my way of thinking. There are thousands, yes tens of thousands, of Jews who are profoundly Amer-

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ican in spirit, in outlook and in ideals. Jews were with Columbus when he discovered America, and since then Jews have participated in American life and American achievement in all parts of the country. What injustice then to dub them aliens!

You speak of a "conscious separatist solidarity" among Jews "instead of the general solidarity of which members of a compact nation are conscious." I fear the separatist nationalistic movement among Jews known as Zionism has led you to this conclusion. But let me remind you that there are any number of Jews in the United States who have no conscious separatist solidarity other than a religious solidarity and a solidarity of sympathy with their suffering co-religionists abroad. These Jews who consider themselves Americans and Americans only in nationality are Americans of the Americans. For such I speak. This is our homeland. We are conscious not of separatist Jewish national solidarity, but, to use your further phrase, we are conscious of "the general solidarity of which members of a compact nation are conscious," and that compact nation for us is the American and not the Jewish nation. For to our mind the Jews constitute not a nation, but an international religious community. We Jews are not aliens in the United States. We are stirred to the very depth of our being by the proud privilege which is ours of being part and parcel of this great people. Our American birthright is our most cherished national possession. No matter what the future may have in store for Palestine, now happily delivered from the bane of Turkish rule, the United States will be our land and our home, and we will be included in the American and not in the Palestinian national solidarity whatever complexion this latter may take.

Your regrettable characterization of the Jews as aliens leads me to elaborate for a moment a statement hinted at above and which I have taken occasion to make heretofore in discussing Zionism, viz: that this latter day nationalist movement is fraught with danger to the welfare of the Jews in this country because it lends color to the contention that the Jews constitute a separatist national group. Your statement bears me out. No wonder your editorial writer, judging from Zionistic publications, has come to the conclusion that Jews are aliens. But not all Jews are Zionists or Jewish nationalists. Many are American nationalists. Such have never been nationalists of any other kind, nor can they be. They have but one national allegiance and but one flag, the American. They are Americans of the Jewish faith. Nothing American is alien to them. Such a one I have the honor to subscribe myself to be.

DAVID PHILIPSON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Zionism and Palestinian Natives

SIR: In the course of your editorial leader on Palestine Redeemed, you speak of the need of preserving the rights of the native peoples of Palestine. May I point out the specific provision to that effect in the British government's declaration of Zionist policy, made by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on November 2, 1917:

"His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

This provision is reaffirmed, as a principle which has guided the Zionist movement since its inception and which was at the foundation of the ancient Jewish state, in the resolutions bearing on Palestinian Policy, adopted by the Zionists of America in convention assembled, Pittsburgh, June 25, 1918.

"First: We declare for political and civil equality irrespective of race, sex or faith, of all the inhabitants of the Land."

JACOB DE HAAS.

Mammy on De Wah

SIR: The readers of the New Republic might be interested in the following accidental interview. I was waiting for a train in the Pennsylvania Station. An old colored woman sat down beside me, her ample proportions and overflowing basket billowing over the seat until I was fairly engulfed in black wool and calico. Her black face beamed with friendliness and she began to talk almost at once. What she said I have set down pretty much in the original order, omitting my questions and answers, and, of course, though regrettably, her sing-song tone and rhythmic emphasis.

What yo' tink o' de wah?
Turrible, ain't it?
Oh Gawd, when I watch de young men, light *an'* dark,
a-marchin' in de sun,
De teahs dey jes' run down my cheeks.
May be yo' doan believe it, but I sheds lot o' teahs ovah
dis hayhr wah.
Oh yas, honey, we gotta fight 'em, I know dat,
An' I fight 'em mysef, I would,
Shed ev'y drop o' blood in dis ol' body 'gainst dat ol' Germany.
Dey ain't nothin' too mean fo' dat ol' Germany to do.
She dis bu'n and kill and sink innocent ladies in de ocean.
Dat Kaiser's a heathen, dat's whar I class him, I do.
An' de Crown Prince—good Lo'd! de Crown Prince—
He want to be king o' de worl'!
But I can tell yo' he ain't a-gwain to be it, no sir!

De Germans are a-spreadin' dynamite all aroun'
Tell it ain't safe fo' to go on de ferries nor no place.
What yo' say?
Yas, we all gits sumpfin to eat, but dey ain't no need fo'
to waste it.
De Gov'ment and de fichials has handl' dis wah mighty
nice, su' nuff,
And dat ol' Crown Prince ain't a-gwain to git his way.

Yas, honey, I was born in des United States,
Down in South Ca'lina,
I come to New Yo'k mo'n fifty-eight yeahs ago,
When I was jes' a lil gal.
An' I want to tell yo' I fight fo' des United States,
I would.
But when I see de young men a-marchin', a-marchin' in
de sun—
Oh Lo'd, I prays fo' de wah to end.
How long yo' think it gona las'?
Long time? Honey, doan say dat.
I's a-prayin' night an' day fo' it to come to a head.
My heart's a-talkin' dat way dis minute.

MARY STEWART.

Washington, D. C.

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Spoon River Revisited

Ed, I've been down to Spoon River,
I've seen the town,
I've seen the people,
And I know the town and the people,
And I am scared.
For they say down there:
"A little leaven leavens the whole lump,
Wait and see
Spoon River will be Americee!"

They took me all around in a Ford,
They showed me the town and the country.
And I saw all the churches and newspaper offices,
And the banks, and the court house,
And the jail.
And the stores and the canning factory,
And wagon works.
And I talked with the judge and the ministers,
The lawyers, teachers and politicians.
And everyone said:
"A little leaven leavens the whole lump,
Wait and see
Spoon River will be Americee!"

And they drove me all around in a Ford—
'Twas Editor Whedon's son who drove me,
And there at the edge of the town we passed
A field all grown with weeds.
And the son of Editor Whedon said:
"That's the racing track we closed.
There was gambling there, and a clerk in Rhodes's drug store
Embezzled some money to play the races,
And that gave us the lift we looked for,
And so we closed it."

And as we drove round the square
This son of Editor Whedon said:
"That feed store there where you see those boxes
Of hog remedy in the window
Is where old Burchard had his saloon.
We closed the saloons here;
There'll never be saloons here any more.
And over that store across the street
Is where Johnny Taylor had his room
Where the boys played poker years ago.
We don't allow that any more.
There'll be no poker rooms any more."

And then he took me to the circulating library,
And introduced me to the librarian,
A woman with creaking joints and nose glasses.
And she told me they didn't allow no books there
Written by bad men.
For only a good tree produces good fruit.
And she thought Byron and the French fellows
Were bad.
And that anarchists and disturbers
And the people dissatisfied with the world as God made it
Should be suppressed, as they were suppressed
In the library of Spoon River.
And she twisted her face and grinned until her glasses
Got askew on her nose,
And her false teeth half fell out.
And she said with a laugh: "A little leaven
Leavens the whole lump, we say here.
Wait and see
Spoon River will be Americee."

And then this son of Editor Whedon
Showed me a gymnasium they had closed,
Because they had some boxing there.
And he said: "Brutality and violence
And things that make for disorder
Are not allowed in this town."
And this was next to the canning works.
And he said: "They had a strike there once,
But the Circuit Judge enjoined the strikers,
And broke the strike.
And now there's no discrimination
Between non-union and union workers.
But the union fellows left,
And now it's a non-union place
And an open shop.
For we don't allow no sedition here,
And no harangues on the street,
And no meetings in halls
Where the purpose is to disturb the world,
As God made it for us here.
We have our churches,
And our lectures,
And a good movie theatre
Where pure things are allowed
That any girl of sixteen can see.
And since you ask what the people do
To fill in the time:
The men work; they are thrifty, sober, God fearing;
They save their money and stay at home.
And the women keep house and read out of the public library.
And the young people are taught right and wrong.
And they get married when they are of age."
So I said to the son of Editor Whedon:
"Who's responsible for this ideal community?"
(At the same time kicking my own back with my own foot).
"My father is," he said with a smile.
"And I'm driving now to the cemetery
To show you his grave.
Would you like to see it?"

Says I: "I'd rather see that grave
Than the pyramids of Cheops."
And over it was a stone with a little cupola like
Enclosed with window glass,
Making a kind of cabinet;
And in the cabinet
Was a tin-type of Editor Whedon
Taken by Penniwit the artist.
And as I stood there I said to myself:
"Wait and see,
Spoon River will be Americee."

—Edgar Lee Masters.

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Preface to Poems

(The book from which this preface is taken, The Poems and Plays of John Masefield, is about to be published by The Macmillan Company.)

I DO not remember writing verses in my childhood; I made many, but did not write them down. I remember writing two poems when I was nine years and nine months old, one about a pony called Gipsy, the other about a Red Indian. Two or three years later I wrote a few more poems, a birthday poem to one of my brothers, a poem about a horse, a satire on a clergyman, and some fragments in imitation of Sir Walter Scott.

Early verses are nearly always reflections from early reading. I remember my early reading fairly clearly. The first poems which moved me were these:

1. A poem about An Old White Horse, in some way connected with the Tenth Hussars in the Soudan campaign. This poem appeared in a daily paper, perhaps The Standard, perhaps The Daily Telegraph, during or just after the Soudan campaign.

2. A poem in Good Words, A Friend, by Adeline Sargent. I liked this poem quite as much for its little engraved illustrations as for its words.

3. The poems of Longfellow, especially Hiawatha.

4. The Ingoldsby Legends.

5. The Wild Swan, by Tennyson; I Remember, I Remember, by Thomas Hood. I had to learn these by heart for my mother. I thought them beautiful at the time and think so still.

6. Du Maurier's Ballad of Camelot, in Punch for (I think) 1864. I did not understand the words of this poem, but the pre-Raphaelite engravings which illustrated it moved me deeply.

I do not remember any other poems which gave me pleasure during my childhood, except one or two of the lyrics of William Allingham.

When I was ten years old I began to read Sir Walter Scott's poems, Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, and a little red Anthology of English Poetry, which contained some good poems. I read most of these poems many times with enjoyment. At the age of fourteen I began to read Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, which put an end to my liking for Scott, as they were more modern and more direct. I wrote some imitations of the Lays; they were then my favorite poems, but I had a very great fondness for two other poems, The Braes of Yarrow, by William Hamilton of Blairgowrie, and The Voyage of Maeldune, by Tennyson. At this time I had read none of the great poems of the English tongue, except two or three lyrics by Shakespeare, When Dick the Shepherd, etc., and Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. As I was then being trained for a sea life, I had little opportunity for reading poetry.

When I was sixteen I wrote some poems about life at sea. Two of these were short poems, one describing a man falling from aloft, and one, the miseries of what was then (nearly thirty years ago) a harsh profession. I remember writing one long poem, describing the incidents of a voyage, but this was never finished. I read little and wrote little between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

I did not begin to read poetry with passion and system until 1896. I was living then in Yonkers, N. Y. (at 8 Maple street). Chaucer was the poet, and The Parliament of Fowls the poem of my conversion. I read the Parliament all through one Sunday afternoon, with the feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had then suddenly entered upon it, and had found it a new world of wonder and delight. I had never realized, until then, what poetry could be. After that Sunday afternoon I read many poets (Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Milton and Shakespeare, more than others) and wrote many imitations of them. About a year later, when I was living in London, I wrote two or three of the verses now printed in Salt Water Ballads.

For the next few years I wrote little. I wrote the rest of the verses in Salt Water Ballads in about six weeks, at Christmas time 1901 in a London lodging, except for a few poems and ballads printed in 1903-4. I published no more verses for eight years, except some choruses in a play and perhaps half a dozen contributions to magazines and journals.

In May and June, 1911, I wrote the narrative, The Everlasting Mercy, at Great Hampden, where I was then staying. I wished to write of conversion, of a turbulent man suddenly made gentle. The scene of the poem is laid at a place called Ledbury, in Herefordshire, in the western Midlands. When I had finished the story I felt that I ought to write something unlike it, that as I had shown one thing, which often happens in life, the seemingly unworthy man made happy, for no apparent reason, so I ought to write the opposite, the seemingly worthy woman made heartbroken, for no apparent reason. I began the second tale, The Widow in the Bye Street, at Capel Curig in North Wales, in June and finished it at Great Hampden in July, 1911. Each of these two tales was written in three weeks and three days. The other poems, Ships and Biography, were written later in the same summer in the North of Ireland.

In 1912 I wrote the stories Dauber and The Daffodil Fields, mostly at Great Hampden. The character of Dauber was partly suggested by a man once known to me, who fell from the lower top gallant yard of a ship, called (if I remember rightly) the Westlands, and was killed. This was many years ago. He would not have become a good painter, but he had courage and the will to succeed, and these things are in themselves a kind of genius. I found the plot of The Daffodil Fields story in a footnote to Sir W. Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland. It is there stated that the events described in the tale happened in Iceland in the eleventh century.

Early in 1913 I wrote the poem The Wanderer, about a very beautiful but unlucky ship which I had seen years before in the Mersey. The Wanderer stays in my mind as one of the loveliest things ever made by men. She is still freshly remembered in Liverpool, and many men who sailed in her must be still alive. She was run down and sunk (I believe in daylight) in the Elbe near Hamburg about 1897. After The Wanderer (in 1913) I wrote The River, a tale current among sailors as having happened in the Hugli River, not far from Calcutta, at some unknown time, not very long ago. I have had versions of the tale from three or four sailors, all agreeing that the ship struck, had her fo'c'sle jammed, and was held on the quicksand for some time, but at last sank, with all her forward hands except one man, who dived through a manhole into the hold, as I have described, and by luck or fate reached the fore hatch and escaped. In this year I wrote a draft of the story of Juan Manuel Rosas, the dictator of the Argentine.

In 1914, before the war began, I wrote two plays in verse. When the war began I wrote some verses, called August, 1914, which at the time I thought of calling Lollingdon Hill, from the little chalk hill on which they were written. Some other verses were written in the first months of the war, including some of the sonnets, but that was the end

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of my verse writing. Perhaps when the war is over and the mess of the war is cleaned up and the world is at some sort of peace there may be leisure and feeling for verse-making. One may go back to that life in the mind in which the eyes of the mind see butterflies and petals of blossoms blowing from the unseen world of beauty into this world. In that life, if it comes again, one may not be too old to look towards that world of beauty and to see it and tell of it.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time . . .

And though, before this war, when I was writing, I saw little enough of that land, life is kind and wise and generous, and perhaps, in that new time, I may see more, and be able to tell more, and know in fuller measure what the poets of my race have known, about that world and those people existing forever over in England, the images of what England and the English may become, or spiritually are. Chaucer and Shakespeare, some lines of Gray, of Keats, of Wordsworth and of William Morris, the depth, force, beauty and tenderness of the English mind, are inspiration enough and school enough and star enough to urge and guide in any night of the soul, however wayless from our blindness or black from our passions and our follies.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Peace by Federation

The Structure of Lasting Peace, by Horace Meyer Kallen, Ph.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.25.

IF ever there was a time for the trained social thinker, it is today. It is easy enough to talk of the principles of peace or the structure of peace or a healing peace. Phrases have never been more glibly used. But what of the tangled motives and surging instincts back of these large phrases? What of the genuine enemies of peace who are certain to push their claims at the peace conference? When so many honest people are groping for workable ideas about peace, the opportunity for guidance becomes lavish—and, if there is anything at all in formal education, the person to seize that opportunity is the person whose social thinking has been organized.

Mr. H. M. Kallen is one of the few Americans to take hold of his opportunity. It is not for the novelty of his views that his able book is distinguished. Mr. Veblen, Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. Brailsford, Mr. Alfred Zimmern have preceded Mr. Kallen and to a great extent, to a marked extent, he is dealing with their conclusions. Nor is it for his manner that Mr. Kallen's work is eminent. Like most Anglo-American publicists outside H. M. Brailsford and Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, he deadens his style with the clinkers of his thinking. What gives him value is his competent recognition of the whole problem. He sees the claims on mankind that each people must bring to the peace conference, and he refuses to belittle those claims in his advocacy of internationalization. Internationalization would be easy, of course, if there were no egoisms to be met with. The prime difficulty of internationalization is just that egoism out of which sovereignty is conjured. Mr. Kallen does not seek to make terms with "exclusive sovereignty." He realizes that a peace between exclusive sovereignties is doomed. But his argument has the great merit of accepting the national personalities out of which egoism arises. What he desires is a peace conference that will strive at one and the same time to provide for national personalities and to detach them from political and economic establishments. He believes it can be done. And he believes that the enemies of this adjustment are not the common people whose nationalism has been excited. He believes its enemies to be the exploiters who want political and economic establishments to remain exclusively national. The real enemies of a lasting peace, the men who are perfectly willing to constitute the world once more on a faulty plan, are the persons who enter the peace conference with an eye, not to international guarantees and an internationalized economic order and a mobile force back of these principles, but with an eye to national aggrandizement under the same old system of exclusive sovereignties.

For an example of the relinquishment of exclusive sovereignties Mr. Kallen goes to the origins of the United States, and he argues with fervor and power that this is the model for the federation of the world today. Such federation, he maintains, should be the very first act of the peace conference. Its acceptance would of itself rule out that diplomatic auction sale for which all the "sovereignty" statesmen are whetted. Its acceptance would give every struggling and handicapped minority a new place in the world, lodging it under the protection of a power just as completely concerned in resisting encroachments as it would be completely unconcerned in maintaining privileges. Whatever the grouping decided upon by the peoples involved in this federation, it would be a grouping for administration, not for aggrandizement, and everything that might lead to state aggrandizement would be forestalled by the articles of confederation.

The practicability of this programme depends on the security it offers to those national groups that are now committed to unfriendly states. Mr. Kallen insists that sufficient security is offered. "The next step in the liberation of mankind must be to detach it [the state] completely and everywhere from nationality that it may become the guarantor of national freedom, enfranchising the inner life of nationalities for creation and self-expression in the world of culture as it does sects in the realm of religion." This sounds adequate, but it will probably seem insubstantial guaranty to the ordinary nationalist. What the ordinary nationalist is after is not the bored neutrality which the non-sectarian state offers to religion. That neutrality may satisfy Mr. Kallen as a guaranty of religious freedom; it is in effect religious indifference, and it is only the non-territorial nationalist who talks of nationality now as a private concern like Presbyterianism or Irvingism. If nationality is the source of culture, the ethnologist will have something to say about the integrity of the physical group from which the culture springs. The political and economic "integration of group life" is a necessary condition of nationality until world-law is secure, and the only way to remove nationality from the zone of politics and economics is to bring about a complete revision in politics and economics, under the protection of the world state. Anything else will simply mean the triumph of those cultures that have most force back of them. Mr. Kallen's mistake in regard to Irish nationalism illustrates this point. He wrongly supposes the British government to have fostered Gaelic culture, and from this he unfortunately argues the great possibilities of particularism under an imperial "rule of law." If Belgium had possessed a similar credulity in 1914, and had listened to the blandishments of Germany, we'd have German world-law today. Without true impartial federation, every nationality must surely continue to fight for its own hand politically and economically. This is just as true of a small "exclusive sovereignty" like Bel-

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gium as of the United States or France or Germany or Jugo-Slavia. The one thing that can relieve the strain on nationalism is an acceptable social minimum everywhere, so that the present system of invidious political and economic distinction on the basis of nationality can be susceptible of international rectification. The fact which Mr. Kallen minimizes is this invidious distinction. Without it there would be much less of the "fanatical" emphasis on nationality that he condemns so superiorly. But the less political emphasis there is on nationality, in the long run, the better outlook for peace. Mr. Kallen is obviously right in insisting that a gospel of exclusive national sovereignty can only retard civilization.

It is on these grounds that Mr. Kallen pays tribute to the Bolsheviki and practically credits them with the collapse of the war. When the war began, he indicates generally, the Tories everywhere got into the saddle. "Governments, speaking for the future of capital, saw peace in the old terms of diplomatic deceit." Then came the Bolsheviki. "The Bolsheviki most of all have helped to make the war not only a war for democracy, but a war at last of democracy and by democracy." The Bolshevik revolution, again, "is the one fertilizing force that throughout Europe is making governments answerable to peoples. By its mere being it is forcing an extension of the scope of democracy not less in England than in Rumania and Austria and Germany." A general scheme of internationalization, however, depends rather on the triumph of the liberal forces within the state than on a general mêlée of forces, so that the "federalization of sovereign states" can be put through.

Who will put through that federalization? Mr. Kallen is strongly of the belief that "a minimum, genuine international control" can only be secured if the best international minds are summoned to the peace conference and are backed by "the completest publicity regarding all international relationships" at home. It is the people's task, he believes, to fight the enemies of internationalization at the peace conference, and he looks to the President for a programme in regard to the peace conference that will genuinely rouse public opinion. Only by such means, to put it crudely, can we prevent the cloak of anti-Bolshevism from being thrown round the organizing of a selfish and reactionary peace.

It is unfair to Mr. Kallen to give this sweeping outline of his thoughtful discussion. Brief as it is, and general as it is forced to be, it cannot but prepare the mind for the peace conference, and it presents in admirable form the issues on which public opinion ought to be elicited.

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Federal Power

Federal Power, by Henry Litchfield West. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

MR. WEST'S book does a useful work thoroughly well. It is not in any sense a profound analysis; and it suffers not seldom from a certain pomposity of outlook. But if anyone desires to find, within brief compass, a simple statement of the immense increase in federal control, Mr. West will orientate him in his task. He will, indeed, do well to be on his guard against the philosophy for which Mr. West stands sponsor. The evolution he has described derives from sources more complex, and has consequences more intricate, than he imagines. What is here raised is essentially the general problem of the fashion in which a federal system is to be organized. Many an investigator will fall by the way before we even approach the discovery of its solution.

Mr. West is undoubtedly right in his insistence that the modern emphasis upon Washington is in reality the work of Marshall. The latter, indeed, is a striking example of the way in which an active mind, necessarily impatient with minute divisions, will sooner or later forge an instrument which transcends all classifications. There can be little doubt that the constitution, when it left his hands, was utterly different from the document which had been so painfully compiled a half century before at Philadelphia. It is not so clear that the change was all for good, though, doubtless, most of it was expedient. The motives which underlay Marshall's decisions could hardly have included the immense increase in population and area, on the one hand, and the growth of internal complexity upon the other. That which consecrates his work is the immense victory implicitly won for the forces of centralization in the Civil War; for it was there in reality established that what the general public opinion conceives to be expedient shall, sooner or later, be written into the general fabric of the state. It is this which explains the impatience with which such decisions as that in the recent child labor case are received. At the best it is the barest postponement; for no one imagines that the Supreme Court, after the Adamson decision, will be recalcitrant in the face of a determined public opinion.

The real problem, as Mr. West points out, is to know whether, if the present evolution continues, the states will have any real substance left; and, as a corollary, whether

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it is desirable to seek the retention of their life. There can be little question that, as areas of administration, they have been failures. Exceptions, indeed, there have been; as when Wisconsin and Oregon provided an admirable example of the true value of federation by serving as laboratories of social experiment. But it is in general true that the states today represent historic categories rather than necessary delimitations. The true federal divisions are developing as areas decentralized by Washington as in such systems as the Federal Reserve Banks. More and more it is coming to be seen that while, on the one hand, the states do not correspond to the areas of economic life, adequate administration from a single centre is impossible. It is not merely, as Mr. Justice Brandeis has insisted, that there is a point of diminishing returns in administration no less than in agriculture. The fact is also obvious that the problems to be solved no longer relate merely or mainly to territorial associations. The Fuel Administration, for example, deals less with a territory than with a function; and, herein, state lines are unimportant. The new federalism in America is rather a problem of the relation between non-territorial groups than between the forty-eight states. So far as the latter are concerned, it is more than probable that the control by the federal government will continue. But that control will always involve a new attempt at decentralization; and when it comes into contact with railwaymen and miners and engineers it will not find that the combined force of Congress and the Supreme Court is as strong as where a decaying tradition is concerned. It is not, indeed, unlikely that we shall see in the future an immense devolution of federal powers upon administrative commissions of one kind or another. The federal government will have to secure continuity of service; but it will discover the means of preventing dislocation, as the War Labor Policies Board has discovered in the case of the metal trades, less by the assertion of a sovereignty that is without meaning than by the attempt to evolve from the industry concerned some form of representative government through which it can function as a unit.

Mr. West, indeed, looks in other directions for the safeguards against excessive centralization, but where he embarks upon prophecy he is perhaps less happy than in description. It is certain, for instance, that the problem is already far wider than a mere readjustment of the relation between the federation and its constituent states simply because the problems involved are far deeper than mere geography. It is not easy to see what real good would be effected by depriving the President of his veto; indeed, it might well be urged that a presidential veto is logically implied in a Rivers and Harbors Bill. It is, indeed, certain that the constitution will have to be made more accessible to amendment; nor is it improbable that the Cabinet, as Mr. West urges, will find a place in Congress. Not, indeed, that Mr. West really faces the issues of this last question. It might easily result in reducing the President to the mere shadow he is in France; and in that event it will become necessary to evolve the office of Prime Minister. Such change clearly implies a radical revision of the Speakership; nor would it be possible for the committee-system, in its present form, to continue. Mr. West does not sufficiently realize that once the principle of Cabinet representation is introduced, there is not a single congressional institution which can help being profoundly influenced. That is not, perhaps, a disadvantage, for if we are to remake, it is better to remake thoroughly. But at least we should be certain of the nature of the task upon which we embark.

But the fact surely is that Mr. West's remedies do not in fact apply to the problem he has discussed in his book. If the federal power continues to increase at anything like its present rate, there will be nothing left of the federal system save material for antiquaries to explain. Mr. West has made some interesting suggestions for an effective conduct of a centralized state; but the need surely is for Americans to make up their minds as to whether the federal system is to continue. There ought to be little hesitation about such a decision. In England and France nothing is so much debated as the evils of a centralized state; nothing is so much desired as adequate methods of decentralization. The American problem, indeed, is far more complex; it is less a country than a continent that is concerned. What at least is very evident is that here, as elsewhere, the historic institutions of a parliamentary system are inadequate to the new functions they are called upon to perform. Sooner or later centralization in a state that has embarked upon the stage of collectivism will imply bureaucracy unless there is distribution of power. The very essence of liberty, indeed, is the division of authority, the multiplication of sources of experiment and responsibility. That was the great lesson of the governmental adventure in this country. It would be tragic indeed if it were neglected at the very moment where it begins to bear fruit in foreign lands.

H. J. L.

Belgian Tales

Tales from a Famished Land by Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. $1.25.

A PARTNERSHIP of the magazine smartness and desire to please with the sharp realities out of life makes for uneven returns. Mr. Hunt has woven incidents out of his Belgian experience into thirteen stories, with one other from the Greek Isles. Now and again, as in Doña Quixote and in the Street of the Spy, the story seems written by a man without contempt for those multiplied plausibilities of ordinary fiction, the snappy arrangement, the nervous speed and the mild sentimentality, that trims life up for a certain kind of consumption.

But the Odyssey of Mr. Solslog, in spite of the facetious title, goes much better, or Pensioners or Figures of the Dance, and parts of others. Here the observed life and the impact of the agonized world are allowed their way. These are records with less of the well meant short-story formula enforced upon them. They are more sharply caught, they catch the author more sharply.

Mr. Solslog from Alabama, without money or languages, has looked everywhere for his sister, the little governess lost in the Maubeuge rout; he smiles slowly, stupidly, pushes along, cannot understand refusals, dreams of her, wanders ill and exhausted, till his mind gives way and death at last frees him from his search.

And Yvette and old Guilbert dance their figures of the invasion, the wild beast and the nymph, with the Marseillaise coming presently with the music, the German police up the stairs, the flight over the roofs, and the escape for Yvette, her husband the poet, and the rest of them, through the chambers of Yvette's ami: bravura, verve, quick feeling, courage and wit.

A little file of old men, dressed in dingy Sunday best with heavy shoes, bearded and bewhiskered, thick weather-worn skin, and little eyes deep down in their wrinkled cheeks. They are the Pensioners. They fought for the Union in the sixties, but the new war has cut off their pen-

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The Path on the Rainbow

Gift books have been more or less condemned for this season because so many of them are very expensive reprints of books that can be obtained in so many cheaper editions. "The Path on the Rainbow" is a handsome gift book of literal translations of the poetry of American Indians, edited by George Cronyn and with introductions and appreciations by Mary Austin and Constance Lindsay Skinner. The book is decorated throughout by J. B. Platt. $1.50.

Capel Sion and My Own People

These two books of short stories introduce to the American public the distinguished Welsh author, Caradoc Evans. They depict the life of sordid and by no means altogether virtuous Welsh communities. Each story ends with as vigorous a punch as the tales of O. Henry. It is the opinion of the publishers that these stories will produce something of a literary sensation. $1.50 each.

Can Such Things Be?

We spoke of O. Henry when we compared him with Caradoc Evans. One critic says that Ambrose Bierce, the author of this book of stories of the grotesque and unreal, combines the vivacity of O. Henry, the ingenuity of Conan Doyle, and the artistry of Poe. Many of the finest critics consider Bierce the greatest writer of American short stories. $1.50.

The Inferno

Although this tremendous novel by Henri Barbusse, author of "Under Fire" was published a couple of months ago and cannot in these breathless days be called a "new" book, it continues to provoke much excited comment. It was translated from the 100th French edition of the book, in spite of the fact that many "reviewers" say they cannot understand this phenomenon. Some literary critics call it great, others call it impossible. Some understand its point of view regarding the never-ceasing war waged between the sexes, others condemn its philosophy, without even trying to understand it. $1.50.

What Is the German Nation Dying For?

This is *the* book of the hour. Karl Ludwig Krause is a well-known German statesman and author, and now that we know that the German nation *is* dying, he tells us exactly what we want to know about it. He foresaw clearly that what is happening at the present time—the crumbling of Prussian Junkerdom—was bound to happen. It is as though this book were directly answering the questions we are now all so eagerly asking. Here are some of the chapter headings: German Barbarians; Why the Germans Are Disliked; The Prussian Spirit; Asininities; Bluff; and the Crash. $1.50.

The German Myth

Gustavus Myers has gathered in this book new data, statistically proved, showing that conditions in Germany are the very opposite of what we have been led to believe,—that immorality, crime and poverty are greater there than in any other European country or in the United States. The subtitle of the book is "The Falsity of Germany's Social Progress Claims." The book is endorsed by the League for National Unity. $1.00.

The Great Change

"The New America After the War" is how Charles W. Wood, the author of this book, describes it. It is based on a series of interviews which Mr. Wood obtained as a special writer for the New York World, with the men and women at the head of American Government and Industries, and with the leaders of American thought. It should be of special interest to readers of the New Republic. $1.50.

Americanized Socialism

Here is another book with a subtitle—"A Yankee View of Capitalism." James MacKaye, the author of the book, says that many persons who did not suspect themselves to be Socialists will, when they read this book, discover that they are, and that Socialism is a true American ideal. The publishers think that "Americanized Socialism" is the most grippingly interesting book on the subject now in print. $1.25.

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A new memorial edition of this anthology of Catholic poetry has just been prepared in honor of the memory of the editor, the late Joyce Kilmer. In his introduction, Mr. Kilmer wrote: "What I have tried to do is to bring together the poems in English that I like best that were written by Catholics since the middle of the Nineteenth Century." $1.50.

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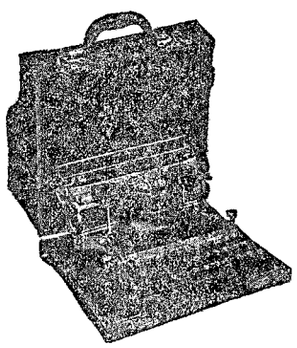

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The Poets of Modern France, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

MR. LEWISOHN has many earnest ways of saying quartertruths about French poetry. His comments on the four founders of the Symbolist school, Mallarmé, De Regnier, Verlaine and Verhaeren, show him to be merely an intelligent historian, who has skimmed the cream of the stock phrases used by the Symbolists to defend themselves. These phrases with variations that suit Mr. Lewisohn's timorously radical cast of mind, form the essence of the book. His major premise is, that the Symbolists strove to touch their subconscious selves, to hint of delicate emotions far removed from the more clearly outlined reality about them. But here he utterly mistakes the motives that formed an intangible womb for Symbolism. The Symbolists moulded fantastic dreams into a wall against their actual physical lives. They draped the bulky monotone of actual existence with a more detailed and, highly colored mantle. In their poetry they lived as they could not live in reality. This is the mainspring of all true poetry, and not the desperate groping for self-hood that Mr. Lewisohn visualizes.

His translations in the rear of the book are never in any way representative of the ability and flavor of those poets selected. Mallarmé is given but one moderately good poem, A Song Without Words, in which his gentle groping for evanescent, unattained longings, is clouded by an unusual portion of sentimentality. Rimbaud appears here with one of his least important poems, The Sleeper of the Valley, which contains none of that adroit, softly naive satire typical of his best work. De Gourmont appears with two minor poems, his intricately tinted Litanies De La Rose and Litanie Des Arbres being both ignored. The translations are also stilted and poorly done. Mr. Lewisohn tries to preserve a careful balance between the original rhyming scheme and a rendering of the poem's meaning without undue broadness. But he does not succeed. Rhyme can scarcely ever be transplanted from one language to another without mutilating the outer flavor and inner content of the poem.

Contributors

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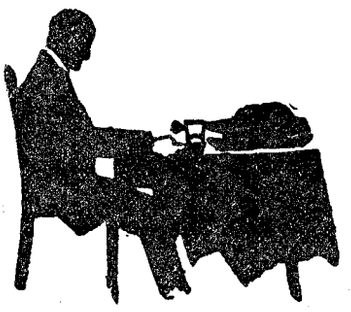

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